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TAN-GO'-RU-A:

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA.

In Prose.

PHILADELPHIA:
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TAN-GO'-RU-A:

An Historical Drama, in Prose.

INTERLOCUTORS.

TAN-GO'-RU-A,.....*An Indian Chief.*
WEE-RAH-OOCH'-WEE,.....*An Indian Pow-Wow.*
ZANGENBERG,.....*A Moravian Missionary.*
VERNON,.....
LYNFORD,.....
CALLENDER,.....*A Quaker.*
LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF PENNA.....

MIRIAM,.....*Daughter to Zangenberg.*
KA-ZU'-KA,.....*An Indian Girl.*

Councilmen, Members of Assembly, Indians, Soldiers, Messengers, Attendants, &c., &c.

TIME.—ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Scene.—The Province of Pennsylvania.

TANG-GO'-RU-A.

PART FIRST.

SECTION I.

On the top of Berry's Mountain, overlooking the Susquehanna.—Enter Lynford and Vernon from below.

Lynford.—O, my breath, my breath! it is almost gone! I am afraid I shall never catch it again. Let me lie down and pant a while; and hear me, Vernon, if I never come to and you bury me here, let this be my epitaph, "Here lies one who contended with a mighty giant, and overcame him." For is not this a giant of a mountain, and have we not fairly vanquished the monster? We have stumbled over his foot, kicked him on the shin, smitten him, hip and thigh, pounded him in the ribs,

mounted upon his shoulders, scaled his erected crest, and now, here we stand, firm and safe, upon the top of his bald pate.

Vernon.—Breath or no breath, your volubility remains the same. What a pity, that so great a victory should be without witnesses to celebrate it!

Lynford.—"Without witnesses!" Why, every thing around us is now celebrating our achievement. The hills are stretching themselves on tip-toe, to stare at us; and see how the river leaps over yonder rocks, and hastens towards us, roaring out applause! The islands are dancing a merry jig in the waters. The birds, old and young, are giving us a concert. The forests nod their heads in approbation, and send up sweet incense to greet us; and look, far up yonder is an eagle, circling the air, and gazing down on us: admiring to see us here, he is, evidently, inviting us to come up with him to the clouds. In good time, my venerable bald-headed friend, we shall consider of it. You say, it is but a step up there, compared to the height we have already

come, and that the way is much plainer and smoother: very true. But then, you must give us time to recover a little of the breath we have spent, and also to consider whether there may not be some fallacy in your argument. One who is so much addicted to flying in circles, may, possibly, sometimes reason after the same fashion.

Vernon.—(*Surveying the country with a telescope and muttering to himself.*) Nothing here to be seen—no single object in view—nothing here—

Lynford.—What say you? nothing to be seen! Then it is because that telescope has sophisticated your vision. Lay it aside and look with your natural eyes. Bring all your senses to the feast: for there is a royal banquet spread before them. Here are colors for the eyes: violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red; all the hues of the rainbow, and all possible combinations of them to boot. Behold them, painted on easels of all sizes, from the miniature flower at our feet, to the unbounded canopy over our

heads! Do your ears love music? What nobler instrument could they wish for, than yonder cataract, or what finer chorus of voices than these birds have! If you love sweet odours, snuff the breeze; for it shook the perfume out of innumerable shrubs and flowers, as it came along. Bare your brow to its touch, whilst it runs its fingers through your hair, and whips your slumbering nerves into just activity enough for full enjoyment. Your palate too shall be gratified. Open your knapsack—no matter what its contents. Epicurism lies in the stomach, not in the quality of food. Witness the Laplander with his breakfast of whale blubber! Witness the ostrich with its dinner of flints and pebbles! There are no gourmands in the world like these.

Vernon.—(*Lowering his telescope and shutting it up.*) There is nothing here. I have swept over the whole landscape, prying into every nook and corner, and I can find nothing of them. You were speaking, Lynford, of the beauties of the scene. Unless

you can show me a cluster of wigwams in some of these groves, or a wreath of smoke somewhere in the edge of the horizon, I cannot join in your admiration. To me all seems a barren waste as far as the eye or this telescope can reach.

Lynford.—Unhappy and infatuated man! Why do you thus allow the inflammation at your heart to blight all the faculties of your head? If your heart *will* thump at your ribs, must it, therefore, be allowed also to beat out your brains? I, myself, know what it is to have one's heart turned into a fire-ball; but, if ever I allow amorous dreams to disturb the cool operations of my judgment, may I forget the fundamental principle of all reasoning; may the *dictum de omni et nullo* become a Greek riddle to me.

Vernon.—I am greviously vexed and disappointed. These dispatches which I bear to the army, must be promptly delivered. I run some risk of censure, by thus coming slightly out of my way, on my own business. I dare spend no more time in searching for

the station. And it is with a heavy heart that I turn into my proper course.

Lynford—You have this comfort at least, my dear fellow, that there is no danger of your lady-love being carried off by a rival. This wilderness contains nothing but Indians, excepting the old missionary and his charming daughter. She will be under little temptation therefore to break her vows.

Vernon.—Ah! that is the misfortune. We understood each other, I believe by such signs as nature involuntarily makes on such occasions; but no word on the subject ever passed our lips. I was absent when she came off here, and have had no chance of communicating with her since.

Lynford.—That, to be sure, was badly managed. You should have stated your argument in regular form—a syllogism in Barbara—and then, have required a categorical answer. But, I repeat that you have nothing to fear from rivalry, unless indeed, the famous young chief, Tangorua, should

enter the field against you with his bow and arrow.

Vernon. — Tangorua! What do you know of him?

Lynford.—I know him well. The first time I saw him, was at a grand council of whites and Indians, where many distinguished personages were present on both sides. He wore a robe embellished with the history of his achievements, a head-dress of eagle's plumes, and all the barbaric ornaments of a great chief. As he sat there, grave and patient as a bronze statue, I instinctively looked at his hand, to see if it did not grasp a sceptre.

Vernon.—Does he speak our language?

Lynford.—As well as you or I. Having been instructed in the missionary schools when a boy, he is a very respectable scholar. His voice, too, is singularly musical, and seems to have been trained in elocution by some mountain brook, to all its varied and melancholy cadences.

Vernon.—The missionaries, however, it seems, did not succeed in converting him.

Lynford.—As to that, he made a profession of Christianity, and was baptised; but the Indian nature proved too strong for him. He still calls himself a Christian, but has engrafted upon his new faith many of the traditions and superstitions of his own people.

Vernon.—What does Zangenberg think of him?

Lynford.—The old missionary, you know, is an enthusiast; and he has formed a theory. Now, when such a man forms a theory he is sure to make it fit in every point, though all nature should groan on a Procrustean bed. If facts are wanting, his imagination will supply them; if they stand in his way, his memory will refuse to own them. External objects will be as plastic to his touch, as forms in potter's clay; and reason, instead of directing opinion, will become its obsequious follower. Zangenberg's present theory is, that the natives of America are the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. I believe he maintains

that some ages ago, in a fright, they leaped over Behring's Strait; and to that extraordinary exertion, I suppose attributes the redness of their faces.

Vernon.—This is no new theory. It has been supported by many competent judges; among others, by our own William Penn. He knew the Indians well. And he made it his business to understand the language of the Delawares, that he might not want an interpreter on any occasion. He mingled freely with them, attended their festivals, joined in their sports, lived in their wigwams; and all the while carefully studied their customs and characters. The result was, that he declared himself ready to believe them of the Jewish race.

Lynford.—A few good reasons, would be of more weight in such a question, than the mere beliefs of a regiment of scholars.

Vernon.—Their beliefs are by no means unsupported by reason. Penn declares that he finds the Indians of like countenance with the Jews; and their children of so lively a

resemblance, that one would think himself in the Jew's quarter in London, when he sees them at their plays. Some remarkable analogies have also been discovered between the Hebrew and Indian languages. There, too, is their worship of the Great Spirit; and their freedom from idolatry; their division into tribes and families; their offerings of their first fruits; their new moons and feasts; their sanctum sanctorum; their High Priests; their customs of mourning, of purification, and many others. The argument is very curious and plausible, though certainly not conclusive. The holding of this opinion, therefore, is no proof of Zangenberg's unsoundness of mind.

Lynford.—Be it so. I had supposed the theory originated with him; and I would still venture to say that he is the first, who has proposed to apply it to practical results. In his opinion, the time is at hand for the restoration of these wanderers to the promised land. Tangorua, he believes is to be the

leader of this new Exodus; and, therefore, reverences him as another Moses.

Vernon.—Considering the disturbed state of our affairs, and the restlessness of the Indians, it strikes me that this Tangorua is a dangerous man.

Lynford.—What! are you for knocking him on the head already? But, personal motives aside, he *is* a dangerous man. If the French continue their aggressions, and the rascally Assembly does not strengthen the hands of the Governor, we shall soon see.

Vernon.—I hope the Assembly will stand fast where it now stands.

Lynford. — Why should you reject the golden opportunity offered you by fortune? Your father is in high favor with the proprietaries, and the most influential man in the Province. There is no honor, no station, to which you might not aspire under his protection. But you join the opposition, and thus weaken him and ruin yourself.

Vernon.—For my conduct, I might assign two sufficient reasons; one, a sort of instinct

which forbids us of the New World, to own allegiance to the rulers of the Old. Is it because the commands are uttered so far away, that they lose their force, and are but feebly, echoed from our shores? Or, is it because all nature here, running an independent course, regardless of the forms and customs of other climes, we are impelled to imitate her example? Perhaps there is something in the air we breathe, in the clay we are made of, in the wild fruits of which we eat, in the fresh fountains at which we drink. Be that as it may, the coldest calculations of interest might teach us that hereafter, in this land, the way of ambition will be, not a royal, but a republican road. The elements of combustion are already collected in every corner. A single spark is wanting to set them in a blaze. The progress of events cannot fail soon to supply it; and then will come an explosion that will send governors, council-men, all the minions of royalty, across the sea; then loyalty will become treason, and rebellion patriotism. Then you will praise my wisdom, as much

as you now censure my folly. But more of this hereafter. See, the sun is getting low: my way is across the river, towards the west; and I must be off.

Lynford.—My way is up the river towards the north; and, while I go to summon the great men, the wise councillors, the eloquent orators, and the mighty men of war of the wigwams, to meet our Solomons in council at Philadelphia, do you, see that the army arrest the progress of the French, or, depend upon it, that council will be held on French territory.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

(*Enter Weerahoochwee from his cave under the brow of the mountain, where he has been overhearing the above conversation.*)

Weerahoochwee.—Go! and may thorns and blisters plague your steps! This fellow gabbles about chiefs and braves as flippantly as if they were straggling hounds, and he sent out to whistle them home. But, for all that, they will obey the summons. Their great

father, the governor, will receive them with coaxing looks and words, pat their heads and wag their paws, feast them on foreign luxuries, make them drunk on Christian brandy, then spread before them the wondrous treasures of civilization, — cloth of scarlet and vermilion paint; knives, hatchets, Jew's-harps, beads, powder, lead, tobacco, pipes and rum; lace of gold, and endless strings of wampum. (1.) All these, will he bestow with flattering speeches; and, in return, will only ask a little land:—a river's length or so, and no broader than a swift footed youth can walk across in a two or three days' journey Such will be the bargain; and so it will be gravely written down as a new Indian purchase. Where will all these fine things be when the snow has melted and returned again? Of the rum, nothing will remain but the thirst for more; the powder will have blown away the lead; the pipes sent the tobacco to the clouds; the red cloth will be torn and faded; the Jew's-harps out of tune; the wampum spent in speech-making. A few

baubles, will, perhaps, be found among the children. But the land will still be there. White men will come like flocks of birds to build their homes on it. It will remain to them and theirs forever. Strange, that they should be thus careful to provide for generations yet unborn; whilst we barter away our homes for trinkets; not reserving earth enough even to cover our bones. What can we do more to prove our hospitality? Trace the longest river to its source, cross the last mountain, follow the sun to the land where he shines no more. Is that all? Nay, we are busy already with tomahawks and scalping-knives, tribe against tribe, exterminating ourselves for their advantage. Why this folly? Is it because of the redness of our skins? No, white men are no wiser here than we. The Frenchman hates the Englishman; they quarrel because their fathers did so, and fight for lands neither can occupy. The English provinces wrangle with each other, over the spoils; and to gain a favorite boundary, not only make straight lines

crooked, and short ones long, but shove aside mountains, and turn rivers from their courses; at least so far as words and oaths can do it. Even this Province, it seems, is divided against itself; and the chiefs and councillors are at loggerheads. So goes the world; beasts, birds, fishes, insects, follow man's example: scalping their fellows, or flying for their lives, is their chief employment. For there are cruel braves, sneaking wolves, crouching panthers, grizzly bears, in the air and in the water, as well as in the forest. Mad confusion reigns every where, except in Weerahoochwee's soul. Who can say that passion ever changed any purpose of his? Who ever knew his anger to overflow in words? When did hate drive him on too fast, or love cause him to linger? Or when did fear make his steps tremble? Or dreams frighten him from the shortest path? No! others are driven about like leaves before the shifting wind; he stands rooted like the oak, the enemy alike of all who trespass on the soil of his fathers. And now, while they are

wrangling, like a pack of wolves, now is the time to drive them out. United councils will furnish the means, and Tangorua will serve as a fit instrument; for the warriors of many nations will follow his lead, and he will follow mine. Thus do I hold them all, as arrows in my quiver, to be shot forth at my discretion. Now to my cave. There I will spin a magic thread, which shall bind their passions to my purpose, like a bundle of reeds.

(*Exit.*)

SECTION II.

At the Moravian Mission, some miles above the former place.—A moonlight Night.—Miriam and Kazuka sitting on the river bank in front of the Mission-House.

Kazuka.—Is my sister asleep? She has not spoken for so long.

Miriam.—Be quiet, child! I am far away in the Father-Land, and you must not call me back yet awhile. Tell me, Kazuka, what is the name of this river?

Kazuka.—Why, surely you know; it is the Susquehanna.

Miriam.—No! no! it is the Rhine, it is the Rhine! I know it well, for I was born on its banks. And why do I call you Kazuka? Are not you my little sister Margaret, and have we not always lived in our father's cottage up yonder?

Kazuka.—I am your sister, indeed, but, (I cannot help it) my name is Kazuka, and this river is the Susquehanna.

Miriam.—Nonsense! child, you must be dreaming. Why, do you not see those green fields, and those orchards in full bloom, and those vineyards as we always saw them?

Kazuka.—Try all I can, I see only the green woods and the blossoms of the dog-wood trees, and a few wild grape-vines.

Miriam.—But see the villages all along the banks; and far off there the great city which we used to visit sometimes.

Kazuka.—I cannot see them. They look to me like wigwams. They belong to the Minisinks and the Shawanese; and instead of a city I see only clouds hanging on the top of that mountain in the distance.

Miriam. — Oh, Margaret! what strange words you do talk! Wigwams! Minisinks! and Shawanese! But be yourself now, and look where I am pointing. You see that crag which seems to rise straight up from the water's-edge to the clouds. Is there not a ruined castle on the top of it? And have you not often heard that it was built by a robber chieftain more than a thousand years

ago? And have you not often sat with me and listened to wild legends of things done there till we were both scared out of our wits?

Kazuka.—It is a very high rock, and our people say there was always an eagle's nest there; but that is all I ever heard about it.

Miriam.—Well, well, I see we are not likely to agree this evening. Give me my guitar and let us sing that duett which I taught you yesterday.

* * * * * * *

Miriam.—Kazuka, have you studied your lessons to-day?

Kazuka.—I have tried, but many strange thoughts came into my head and puzzled me. I would like to ask you a few questions.

Miriam.—Very well; I will explain whatever I can.

Kazuka.—I used to think that the sky was stretched out, like a curtain, not very far above our heads, and that heaven was up there. But your books tell me there is no sky; that all is dark and empty above us.

Where then is the throne of God, and where do the spirits live?

Miriam.—These are hard questions, Kazuka.

Kazuka.—When our Saviour called Lazarus out of the tomb, where did his spirit come from, and why did he not tell all about the spirit-world?

Miriam.—What has put such questions into your head, child?

Kazuka.—You say that the Great Spirit created all things out of nothing; but who created him?

Miriam.—No one, for he always existed.

Kazuka.—I cannot understand that. But if there was nothing before him, where did he come from, and how did he come into existence?

Miriam.—I cannot tell you.

Kazuka.—But if he was all powerful, and made all things as he pleased, why did he not give all men good hearts?

Miriam.—I cannot tell.

Kazuka.—You say that we must believe in Christ to be saved; what then has become of

all our people who have died but never heard of him?

Miriam.—Strange that this poor child should be troubled with thoughts like these!

Kazuka.—It is said that whoever repents and believes shall be saved. But one man may live a wicked life till he is old, and repent just before he dies; while another dies young before he has repented. Will one of these be saved and the other lost?

Miriam.—Come, child, you need a wiser instructor than I am. But tell me, do you believe nothing but what you understand? Let me ask you a few questions now. Why are some people born handsome and some ugly? some strong and healthy, others deformed and miserable? Why do some die in childhood, and some live to old age? Why are the wicked often prosperous, and the good unfortunate? You know that these things are so, but can you explain them? Do you even understand your self? Why is it that some sounds make you laugh, and others make you weep? Why do some

things taste sweet and others bitter? Why do some sights fill you with pleasure, and others with fear or disgust? A few weeks ago these trees were bare and seemed to be dead; now they are full of leaves and blossoms and as much alive as we are. What is the difference between the spirit that dwells in them, and our spirits?

Kazuka.—Stop, my sister; please do not ask me any more; I know nothing, and I am getting bewildered.

Miriam.—You know as much about these things, and about the things you asked me, as the wisest people in the world. We must take life as we find it, and not stand still asking questions and wondering about things we can never understand. But what makes you so melancholy, Kazuka? I have noticed it for several days. Never mind, Tangorua will soon be here.

Kazuka.—Please do not speak to me of Tangorua?

Miriam.—And why not? He loves you I

am sure, and you will not deny that you love him.

Kazuka.—No! He loves somebody else a thousand times better than me.

Miriam.—What! is it possible that you are jealous of somebody? Who can it be? I know of no maiden among all your people who is handsome enough to be your rival. Come, tell me; who is it, child?

Kazuka.—[*Bursting into tears.*]—It is not kind in my sister to mock me so.

Miriam.—My dear child, I did not mean to wound your feelings. If you do not like to tell me your secret, I will not urge you. But I am sure you are mistaken. Tangorua loves nobody but you.

Kazuka.—Indeed he does. I thought you knew it; but I am sure of it; and many others know it; he loves you, and nobody but you.

Miriam.—Impossible! Nobody ever heard of such a thing! jealousy has turned your brain.

Kazuka.—No, he loves you, and expects you to be his wife.

Miriam.—[*Aside*].—Merciful heaven sustain me I pray, for I am overwhelmed with shame and horror! A thousand incidents, unmarked at the time, but too well remembered now, tell me that this dreadful tale is true. Oh, I have been blind and stupid! I have myself digged the pit into which I have fallen. But thou knowest, Eternal Father, that I have done it ignorantly! I have loved him as my own brother; have cheered and instructed him, and endeavoured to call forth the affections of his heart that they might rise as sweet incense to thy Throne. But lo! they fall like mildew upon myself. Farewell all the hopes I have so fondly cherished! This love will soon turn to bitter hate; and I who thought myself a chosen instrument of Providence, to aid in winning these people to the knowledge of the true God, will prove a stumbling block and an offence.

Kazuka. — [*Enter Zangenberg.*] — Here comes your father.

Zangenberg.—Why, daughter, I have been looking for you everywhere. I wish to have some conversation with you. Come, let us walk on the river bank, while Kazuka carries your instrument back to the house. But how is this? You are agitated; you have been weeping; have you some private grief which you will not confide to me? tell me what it is that troubles you. [*Exit Kazuka.*]

Miriam.—Pardon me, father! Not now, not now! You said you had something to say to me; pray what is it?

Zangenberg.—I have something to say that has for a long time lain very near my heart, and which also deeply concerns you. This little flock which we have gathered here in the wilderness, is surrounded by ravening wolves. But, by the blessing of God, they shall not be devoured. The same faith that brought me here, sustains me still, and will sustain me to the end,—a firm conviction (in spite of all past discouragements,) that the

red man may be civilized and Christianized. I feel as sure of it as if it had been revealed to me from heaven. Perhaps it has been, for I see it as clearly as I see yonder star that shines the brightest. And though, like that star, it may be far distant, and the manner and the nature of it be buried in the impenetrable depths, I am not the less sure that the light now shines, and will shine on forever. Yes, my child, the time will come when this whole race will drink of the waters of salvation; and to this spot they will then look back as the fountain from which those waters first began to flow towards them.

Miriam.—It is a glorious vision, father.

Zangenberg.—And God will establish it into a glorious reality. Verily, it is a cause worth living for, and worth dying for. Oh, that we could raise ourselves to the sublime height of the mission to which we are called! Then, even as our Divine Master took upon himself an inferior nature, and endured all the ills of humanity for our sakes, so should we be able to lay aside all pride, all selfishness, all the

prejudices and passions of our fallen nature, and dedicate our bodies and souls, our dearest hopes and affections, to the gathering in of these our poor wandering brethren.

Miriam.—My dear father, I am but a weak and timid woman; but if your duty calls you into a deeper wilderness than this, I am ready to go with you; and if there are new deprivations and sufferings in store for you, God, I am sure, will give me strength to share them with you.

Zangenberg.—These are blessed words, my child. They have dispelled all my fears, and assure me that my fondest hopes will be realised. I shall now speak without reserve, what I have long been afraid to say. You know that my hopes chiefly centre in Tangorua. Educated, able, eloquent, and popular, I am convinced that he, and he alone, can sway the destinies of the Six Nations, and through them of the whole Indian race. We must, therefore, lose no opportunity to bind him to this cause. Now he has ever looked up to me as his teacher and spiritual guide,

and I have found him docile and affectionate. But he is strongly attached to the traditions of his ancestors; and there are influences now at work, which I greatly fear will lead him astray, unless some stronger power than mine is used to control him. It remains for you, my daughter, to save him, and keep him true to his destiny; for, lion as he is, you, I know, can lead him as with a silken thread.

Miriam.—I lead him! How can that be?

Zangenberg.—My daughter, he belongs to a race different from ours, and God has given him a different complexion; but he is made in the same image, redeemed by the same blood, endowed with the same immortality. If you seek for true nobility of soul, I know not where you will find a nobler nature than his. In the eye of reason, and still more in the light of religion, true dignity and worth reside in the inner, not in the outer man. Well, my child, Tangorua loves you with a pure and earnest affection. And when my eyes are about to close in their last sleep, let them rather see you the mistress of Tango-

rua's wigwam, than the sharer of any throne on earth. You shall be the heaven-directed agent of a great reformation. Your name will live forever in the memories of the red men; and you shall be called blessed among women. But, how is this! be composed, my child! What, is it possible? [*Miriam swoons.*] —Such are the fruits of rashness. I ought to have remembered the reconciling power of familiarity; for, when slowly and carefully introduced, our eyes will learn to look without blanching on apparitions, which, abruptly rising, blast them.

[*Exit Zangenberg, bearing Miriam in his arms.*]

SECTION III.

At Weerahoochwee's Cave, on Mount Berry. Present Weerahoochwee and Tangorua.

Weerahoochwee.—I have been expecting you, for I knew you would obey the summons that was sent you. You are going to add a new link to that chain of friendship which already weighs so heavily upon the red man.

Tangorua.—It is well to be bound by such a chain; the heavier the better.

Weerahoochwee.—What good do you expect from this friendship?

Tangorua.—You, who have been studying wisdom all your life, ought to know that friendship is a good in itself, and therefore to be cultivated for its own sake. It is the sunshine of the heart; and neither fruits nor flowers can grow there without it. But, though friendship is always good, this friendship of the white man is the best of all for us;

for he is richer, wiser, and stronger than we. By trading with him, we may share his wealth; he can teach us many things our fathers never knew, and which it would take us long to find out. We know what strength is found in friendship; our Six Nations have become a powerful confederacy in virtue of their friendship. Let us receive our white brethren into this union, and we may defy all our enemies; or, if we choose, we may conquer the world with our arms.

Weerahoochwee.—No doubt they are a wise and great people; and why should we poor savages stand in the way of their progress? A white skin is surely more beautiful than a red one; and they are made of finer clay than we. Let them come on, then, and take possession of the land. Instead of our villages of shivering wigwams, they will build splendid cities, which the blasts of winter can neither shake nor enter. And these forests, which scarcely afford our little bands food enough to satisfy their hunger, they will turn into rich harvest-fields, which shall feed

whole nations. Surely such a people ought to prevail. And if we are humble and obedient, they will no doubt take us under their protection. They will teach us to plough and dig, and carry burdens, and do all manner of civilized work. Out of the riches we earn for them, they will give us food and clothing, and sometimes, perhaps, a glass of rum, to make our hearts glad. Having a fatherly care over us, they will see that we do our duty; when we are wicked or lazy, they will flog us; and thus, in time, we shall come to be as industrious and virtuous as they are. Go on, then, Tangorua, and say to your white friends in council, that we are tired of liberty; beg them, on your knees, to receive us as their slaves; tell them we are anxious to serve them, because they are rich, and wise, and powerful.

Tangorua.—Your words are full of thorns, but they have no power to sting me. Whoever charged Tangorua with want of fidelity to the interests of his people? I know the white men well. I have studied in their

schools, lived in their cities, tasted of all the pleasures they enjoy, and might have remained among them as long as I live. But I chose rather to return to my own people, to live as they live, and to share their fortunes. If it may be so, let the white man be our neighbor, and let us live in peace and friendship with him. But, if this cannot be; if each cannot enjoy his own mode of life; if one must give way to the other, then our right is the best, and he must leave. Our old men remember when he first came here; but who can tell the time when our fathers were not in possession? Is not the very soil composed of the dust of our generations?

Weerahoochwee.—But what can you answer when they compare their greatness with our littleness? Is it right that rats and groundhogs should occupy lands where the elk and the deer wish to live? Do not the nobler beasts always trample upon the meaner ones?

Tangorua.—If they ask why we build such miserable houses, or why we hunt in

the forests instead of clearing them and tilling the ground, I answer, because we choose to do so, and it suits the manners of our people. When they tell us we occupy too much room, and that a great many more of their people could live on the same land, I will point to these mountains which obstruct us in our hunting, and which even they could never cultivate, and to these barren rocks, where no game is to be found, and where no green thing will ever grow. The Great Spirit who made these things which seem so unprofitable, made us also, and placed us here. Here, whatever others may do, I intend to stay: I will live here as my fathers lived, and when I die, my bones shall lie here with theirs.

Weerahoochwee.—I never doubted that your heart was true, and I struck the flint only that I might draw some sparks of fire out of it. But if you would serve and save your people you must awake from this dream of friendship for the white man. Let us judge the future by the past. Are we more power-

ful now than when they first landed on our shores? Our people were then numerous as the leaves in summer; now they are like the green things of the forest in winter—a few pine trees and laurel bushes scattered among the hills—all the rest have withered and died. Have we grown wiser and better? Falsehood, fraud and drunkenness, are all the virtues we have learned from them. Are we richer? From the sea shore to where the sun disappeared in the west, the whole country then belonged to us; we have ever since been ascending the streams, like shad in spring-time; but no offspring of ours will ever return to the homes we have left. Their incroachments are as inexorable as those of time itself; and they will as surely extinguish the life of our race as old age will extinguish yours and mine. The grey hairs are already appearing, the eye is growing dim, and the limbs are losing their vigor. Every year will add to this decay, until these strangers, having buried the last of us, will stand upon the grave and say, the red man's heart has ceased to beat.

Tangorua.—Such thoughts have often swept like dark clouds across my soul. In vain do I banish them, for darker ones still gather in their stead. It must be so: the Great Spirit has cast us off forever. Else, why did not the waves swallow up the ships which first brought these people among us? Where were the winds that they did not blow them to some other part of the world? Why were our fathers so weak as to receive them with open arms instead of bended bows? Behold! the fruits of their hospitality and love. Woe to the red man! his dearest virtues have become the instruments of his destruction. Woe to the red man! If he makes war, he falls before the strange weapons of his enemies; if he seeks peace he perishes in the embrace of his friends. To save ourselves it is too late; but show me at least how we may revenge ourselves; then will Tangorua imitate the panther in the treachery of his approach, and the cruelty of his spring.

Weerahoochvee.—You do well to mourn over the past. We have poisoned the fountain ourselves, and it is fit we should drink of its

bitter waters. At the beginning our enemies might have been destroyed like a brood of serpents in their nests, at a single blow; but we spared them, protected them, and encouraged them, to grow and spread themselves about us, till now their thousand hisses threaten us with destruction. But let us not despair of the future. The cloud which floats lazily along when the air is calm, is as harmless and peaceful as a fawn grazing in the pastures; but when the tempest comes to drive it forward, it grows more angry and frowns more darkly as it flies, until at length from its wrathful bosom leaps the thunderbolt. Is not such even now the temper of our warriors? Away then and lead them to battle!

Tangorua.—I have long cherished other hopes, which were deeply rooted in my heart; but I here tear them forth and cast them from me forever. I go to meet the white men in council, but I will turn that council into a war-dance, and for a treaty I will exchange the red belt with them.

Weerahoochwee.—Before you came I slept, and in my sleep a vision of the future passed

before me. I saw all the warriors of many nations assembled under the war-flag of Tangorua, and as they marched, our enemies fled like grasshoppers. Some escaped into the sea, and a great multitude were trampled under foot. After this, I saw Tangorua leading a beautiful white maiden, the last of her race, to his wigwam; and from it came forth, as I looked, many generations of great chiefs, in whose veins was mingled the best blood of the white and the red man, and who ruled for long ages with wisdom and justice over a great and happy people. I awoke from my dream and found you standing before me.

Tangorua.—In sleep the mind is like a stagnant pool, from which vapours sometimes rise and assume strange and fantastic shapes. And the spirit of man sometimes descends the stream of time, and sees what is passing on the distant shores of the future long before his life bark has floated down to them.

[*Exit.*]

Weerahoochwee.—This young chief is certainly honest and patriotic, but then it is marvelous how the noblest virtues are strengthened

when one's own selfish interests can be used to prop them. How his eyes kindled as I told my vision! He is no believer in dreams forsooth; but then dreams have sometimes proved true, and why not this one? He acknowledges that his love for the white maiden is deeply rooted in his heart; but he is willing to pluck out those roots for the sake of his people. We must not let him try so dangerous an experiment. Let them grow there for the present; they will hold him faster than all his patriotism and ambition. He shall be indulged with this toy until his work is accomplished: then I will toss it into the fire, though he should blubber like a child for it. A mongrel breed of chiefs to rule over the future generations of red men! Why, this would be to yield half the fruits of victory to our conquered enemies. No! not one drop of their blood shall live here in any veins, much less in the veins of our people. Strong is Tangorua's love for the white maiden, but stronger yet is Weerahoochwee's hate for all the race of pale faces.

[*Exit.*]

SECTION IV.

At Philadelphia.—Present, the Lieut.-Governor and his Council.

1*st Council-man.*—The messenger sent to the Indian Chiefs has returned, and is now here ready to report.

Lieut.-Governor.—Let him be called in immediately. [*Enter Lynford.*] Sir, I congratulate you on your safe return from your dangerous mission. We are anxious to hear your report.

Lynford.—Your Excellency is very obliging. I am glad indeed to find myself here again with my scalp safe on my head; for I have seen many wild animals since I left, both brute and human. I have visited some of each kind in their lairs, and, in truth, their manners and pursuits seem to be much alike. Their industry is employed upon the same ends; and as to their amusements I hardly

know which is the more innocent and attractive. If I were to speak as a musician, for instance, I should be obliged to own that I prefer the howl of a wolf, to the yell of an Indian. Tastes differ however, and—

Lieut.-Governor.—I must desire you, sir, to speak more directly to the purpose: these descriptions would be more suitable elsewhere than here.

Lynford.—Your Excellency will please to excuse me. I have been so long among wild scenes, that my tongue has perhaps caught the infection, and forgotten the laws of decorum. But I will endeavor to come to the point at once. After I had crossed the borders of civilization, I made my way (literally *made* it, sir, for there was none to follow,) over mountains which compelled me to go up *past* the clouds, which lowered as if ready to burst with anger to see me out-climb them; and across streams, great and small, without number, which, though evidently running with all their might, were yet unable to carry off the deluge of water fast enough, since

their banks were everywhere overflowed; and through a wilderness that was perpetual, except that here and there the prospect was relieved by a clear patch, an acre or so, of rock, and so I climbed, waded and swam on towards the head waters of the Susquehanna.

Lieut.-Governor.—I must again desire you, sir, to speak more to the purpose.

Lynford.—Certainly, sir! I shall be as brief as possible. I succeeded at last in finding some fellows who called themselves chiefs; but I could hardly believe this, since it implied that there was somebody inferior to them, and it was not easy to conceive of anything lower in the scale of humanity than themselves. They acknowledged, however, that there were yet greater men than they among their people; and these they agreed to send for. After many days several of the higher nobles (and they certainly did look more diabolically savage than the others,) came in. But the most illustrious potentate was still wanting. This was the young Chief Tangorua. He also finally came, and the con-

sultation began. How this chief came to be an inhabitant of these forests I cannot imagine, for he clearly belongs to a different clime. He is a lion among bears and wolves; and it is wonderful to see how the inferior beasts instinctively acknowledge his royalty. He walks among—

Lieut.-Governor.—Relate briefly what was said, sir; we all know Tangorua.

Lynford.—Well, sir, after I had delivered my message, many pipes were smoked, and a long discussion took place among themselves. Tangorua then called for me, and in a tone which seemed to me compounded of courtesy and contempt in equal proportions, said: that he felt himself much honored by the governor's invitation, and was sorry to be obliged to decline so great a distinction. He did not know that he had any particular business at Philadelphia, he said, and felt sure that he had no desire to go there. That if the governor wished to see him, he would be happy at any time to receive him, at his wigwam. The distance he believed would

be about the same for one as for the other, and the governor he was sure could command much better means of traveling than he could. I reminded him that your Excellency was much occupied with the cares of government, and that the records of all former transactions were kept here, and could not well be removed. That Philadelphia was therefore the proper place for holding councils. He replied that without meaning to compare his labors with those of the governor he must be allowed to observe, that he had his engagements also. And as to the records he had them all there, carefully written upon the memories of his old men. It is true, he added, that my copies do not exactly agree with the copies at Philadelphia; but that the time had gone by when things were to be admitted as true, merely because they had been written down by a governor's clerk. In conclusion he said: "This then is my answer, if the governor wishes to see me he must come here." Finding him in this temper, and believing that in the present troubled

state of affairs, you considered a meeting of great importance, and would be willing to make any reasonable concessions to bring it about, I thought it best to propose a compromise, and therefore suggested, that you would perhaps be willing to meet him at some intermediate point. After much consideration and consultation with the others, he finally agreed to go as far as Lancaster; and I promised in your name, that you would meet him there. This seemed to me necessary under the circumstances, and I hope it will meet your approbation.

Lieut.-Governor.—No, sir! You have greatly exceeded your authority, and I shall not recognise your promise. To go a long journey from the seat of government for such a purpose, would be to make ourselves ridiculous. I, at least, shall not do it.

Lynford.—Considering the present temper of the Indians, I fear such refusal will have serious consequences.

Lieut.-Governor.—I shall take care of the consequences, and find means to chastise their in-

solence. They now refuse to come here as friends; they will soon be glad to come as suppliants.

1*st Council-man*.—If I venture to remonstrate with your Excellency against this decision, my longer experience in Indian affairs must serve as my apology. It has ever been thought expedient by the rulers of this Province to humor the pride, and even the whims of the Indians; and in my judgment, such concessions on the present occasion, would be found much cheaper and more effectual than the employment of force.

Lieut.-Governor.—Such I am aware was the policy of my predecessors. I am for a different policy; and the sooner it is begun the better.

2*d Council-man*.—The French spare no pains to entice the Indians into their alliance; and it has heretofore required our utmost efforts to counteract their machinations. To slight them now would be to throw them directly into the arms of the French.

All the Council men.—This, we think, would

be a most unfortunate time to change our ancient policy towards the Indians. To refuse this meeting, would inevitably bring most serious mischiefs upon this Province.

Lieut.-Governor. [*After a long pause.*] Gentlemen, my judgment is decidedly against the course you recommend; but, I am unwilling at this early period of my administration to act in so important a matter against the unanimous advice of my council. I shall go to Lancaster, therefore; though most reluctantly, and with the conviction that I am greatly compromising the dignity of my station. Let the Assembly be informed of the time and place of the meeting, and requested to appoint commissioners to accompany us, if such is their pleasure. As many of you as can make it convenient will also attend, gentlemen. (2)

Enter a Messenger.—A committee of Quakers are at the door, and wish to have an interview with the governor.

Lieut.-Governor.—Let them be admitted.—[*Enter Callender and other Friends.*]

Callender.—The Friendly Association for the promotion of peace with the Indians have instructed us to wait upon the governor, to receive his answer to the application formerly made by them for permission to examine the minutes of council relative to Indian purchases and treaties.

Lieut.-Governor.—The treaty-making power belongs exclusively to the Executive, or to such agents as may be specially appointed for the purpose by his Majesty. I see no propriety, therefore, in allowing the Quakers or any other class of citizens, to meddle in such matters.

Callender.—The governor is not, perhaps, aware of the peculiar relation which the people he is pleased to call Quakers, sustain towards the Indians. If he had been longer amongst us, he would have known that the Indians cherish much love and veneration for the memory of the illustrious Founder of this Province; and that they look upon the Friends of the present day, as the especial representatives of his character and principles. If the

governor will take the trouble to inquire into the matter, he will find that the Friends have on several occasions, been the happy instruments of affecting reconciliations with our Indian neighbors when all other influences have failed; and he will, perhaps, find some reason for believing, that the great advantages, in peace and friendship with the natives, which this Province has enjoyed over the neighbouring Provinces, have been in no small degree owing to the efforts and influ ence of Friends.

A Council man, [*one of the Proprietary Agents.*]—Some of us can at least testify, that they have never been sparing of their advice; though we may not have been so fortunate as to witness the good results of their efforts. I have also observed, that their zeal for the public interests, have never made them unmindful for a moment of the special interests of the Society of Friends. No doubt, they have been able to reconcile these public and private ends to their own satisfaction, at least.

Callender.—And also, we trust, to the satis-

faction of all honest men. Thou hast had ample opportunities, friend Richard, for observation, without doubt; and thy experience as a proprietary agent, will, perhaps, enable thee to bear testimony to certain other occurrences which the governor may find it interesting and profitable to hear of. Thou canst tell, I presume, of more than one occasion of trouble with the Indians, the provincial treasury being empty, and the proprietary agents refusing to make any advances of money, when our people came forward and contributed the necessary amount from their own pockets. We had always supposed, that our fellow-citizens of all denominations, and the proprietaries, and even their agents, derived an equal benefit with ourselves from the peace which we were thus the happy instruments of preserving. If thou dost not chose to speak of these occurrences, but can remember any occasion on which we withheld our means, or refused our aid to the public service, or pursued our own private advantage apart from the general advantage of the Province, it would be as great a

pleasure to us to hear those instances specified, as it will, no doubt, be to thee to relate them. But as general charges can give the governor no useful information, so obscure insinuations can do no honor to him who makes them.

Proprietary Agent.—The purchasing of land from the Indians belongs to the proprietaries alone; it is entirely a matter between them and the Indians; the private citizen has nothing to do with it.

Callender.—Thee well knows, friend Richard, and all this council know, that the Province of Pennsylvania was settled upon very different principles from the other colonies of his Majesty. The original adventurers were men of substance and reputation. They purchased their lands from the first proprietor, who, on his part, engaged to protect them against all claims from the native inhabitants, and all other persons; and so it is mentioned in their deeds. For this protection he received an annual quit rent, which not only sufficed to extinguish the Indian titles, but

left a large balance in his hands for making further purchases. During the life of William Penn these agreements were faithfully observed on both sides; and if the Indians have not been fairly dealt with since his death, it is a matter in which all honest men are interested, but which especially interests such of us as hold lands under the original deeds.

Proprietary Agent.—If the Indians have complaints to make let them specify them; it is for them to prove their charges, not to call on us for the evidence.

Callender.—It is necessary again to remind thee, friend Richard, of some circumstances, as to which thy memory seems defective. Those transactions with the Indians were of a very peculiar character. The opportunities for fraud were great, and their only security was to be found in the integrity of the white men. Records were made upon one side only, and these were to be kept for the benefit of both. A dispute having now arisen,—it is strange language to hear, that the Indians must produce their proofs. Such

was not the intention of Wm. Penn, and we feel bound to protest against it in the name of honesty and good faith. Our desire to see justice done the Indians; our regard for the good name of the Province; and a prudent care of our own interests as land-holders, have alike urged us to make this application for permission to examine the original records. We have great respect for the proprietaries; but we suppose them as well as their agents to be fallible men; and we believe it hath ever been held a most salutary principle of justice, that in the settlement of disputed questions, a party interested ought not to be subjected to the temptation of testifying in his own behalf.

Lieut.-Governor.—These transactions with the Indians are, it is true, of a very peculiar character. They might choose to dispute our records, if they were shown to them. The decision must be with us at last. It is necessary to deal with them as with children; endeavoring to impress them with a sense of our kindness, indeed; but also of our

authority. If they prove disobedient, we must chastise them. To attempt to indulge them in all their capricious humors, would be absurd and ruinous.

Callender.—The policy of conciliation commenced by Wm. Penn in this province, was long faithfully pursued; and however contrary to the usual policy of governments, we may safely appeal to its fruits for its vindication: for the governor has no doubt been informed that for more than half a century, no hostile incursion was ever made by any Indians upon this province. Since the policy of war has been adopted against them, on the contrary, all our border settlements have been destroyed, and the very heart of the province threatened with invasion. We may also, we hope, be excused for remarking that the most martial of the neighboring provinces, after exhausting all their resources to conquer the Indians, have obtained peace with them at last, when obtained at all, only upon such principles as we have always recommended.

Lieut.-Governor.—Gentlemen, you have our

answer; you can report to the Friendly Association, that their request respecting the Minutes of Council cannot be complied with.

Callender.—If such is the governor's answer, it will be our unpleasant duty so to report it. But we have also been instructed to state, that it is the purpose of the Friendly Association to send a deputation of its members to the approaching treaty; and also to provide something handsome as a present for the Indians, which they hope it will be the governor's pleasure to present in their names in connection with the public present, as has been done on several occasions by his predecessors.

Lieut.-Governor. — That such a practice should ever have prevailed, is to me most surprising. For any association of individuals to presume to treat with foreign princes, or to mediate between the Province in which they live and any independent people, is the highest invasion of his Majesty's Prerogative Royal, and of most pernicious consequence. Neither can any one body or society be

allowed by the presentation of presents, to attach the Indians to their own particular interests. These requests, therefore, are likewise declined.

Callender.—If it is not the pleasure of the governor to allow our present to be presented with the public present, it cannot be so presented. We apprehend, however, that our people are too sensible of the good effects resulting from their presence on former occasions of a like nature, to be willing to remain inactive in these perilous times; especially as they would have reason to suppose, that in their absence, the governor would be reduced to the necessity of relying, for much of his information, on the propriatary agents, representing one of the parties interested. Our people have great respect for the king, and also for the proprietaries and their agents; but they have always endeavored to reconcile this sentiment with a due regard for their duties as Christians, and their rights as Englishmen. If, therefore, they should consider it necessary for them to appear at

the ensuing treaty, and to take with them something in the shape of a present for the Indians, we trust their doing so will not be construed into any mark of disrespect for their lawful rulers.

[*Exeunt Callender and the other Quakers.*]

Lieut.-Governor.—If this spirit of insubordination be allowed to grow thus rank among us, where will it end? the Assembly has already far outstepped our authority, and has fairly set up for itself; and these smooth-spoken Quakers are ready with their maxims of peace, to set the king himself at defiance. It is high time for us to change our course of policy. They must be made to understand that the king still wields his sceptre, or the day is near at hand when it will require a royal army to keep them in subjection.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

PART SECOND.

SECTION I.

At Lancaster.—A public street.—Present, Vernon and Lynford.

Lynford.—Happy to meet you Vernon on this auspicious occasion! Here we are, like so many Cyclops, to forge, not indeed, thunder-bolts, but a new chain of friendship, bright, and never to grow rusty, of course, as usual. One end is to be linked fast to the Indians, but to whom shall the other be linked? There are four rival applicants, the governor, the propriatary agents, the Assembly, and the Quakers, each of whom is resolved that the others shall not hold it; and I am afraid our hammers will grow tired, before we can make a chain long enough and strong enough

to reach round them all and hold them fast. They agree, however, that it is necessary to keep the enemy at bay; in order, I suppose, that their several factions may have leisure to tomahawk each other. Now, in my judgment, it would be an economy to leave that business to the Indians. They would do it far more handsomely; it is in their line; they are used to it, and would think it a delightful recreation. But you, gentlemen commissioners, who represent the Assembly! what new act of insubordination are you plotting? what new humiliation have you in store for the governor?

Vernon.—You delight in vexing me, Lynford; but I will not quarrel with you, for your tongue, it is well known, is licensed on all subjects. We are here, sir, to guard the rights of the people, and to see that their true interests are not sacrificed to the personal ends of those in authority.

Lynford. — And the Quakers; they are here with sundry bales of goods, and an ample stock of friendly speeches. Rare shepherds, these, to guard the public fold! Let all the

defences be thrown down, say they; the more the sheep are exposed, the less danger that the wolves will harm them. Now the difference is this, some of us would rather fight for our scalps, than bow our heads to the knife.

Vernon.—The Quakers are very well able to answer for themselves. Indeed, they need only, in their quiet way, point to the past history of this Province, it will answer for them. It may be long before their principles prevail among the nations, but as future ages shall approach nearer and nearer to the reign of universal peace, the period of Quaker-rule in Pennsylvania will be looked upon with ever-increasing admiration. Here first did the rulers of a State magnanimously rely for protection on justice and humanity alone; and here first was it demonstrated that even for the control of savages, these are more potent weapons than the sword.

Lynford.—They are welcome to their reminiscences of the past, and their anticipations of future glory, if only they will leave us to regulate the affairs of the present time. Ah!

if the power of our governor were only equal to his spirit! Then should we see this factious spirit replaced by silent order and absolute obedience. Should the Indians prove unruly, he would shoot them down like wild beasts; and did the Assembly show too much independence, he would turn them out of doors at the point of the bayonet; and as for the Broad-brims, he would hang the whole sect on gallows thirty cubits high.

Vernon.—The governor is no doubt well enough disposed towards such a policy, and there is no telling how far such a man may venture. But what of those high gallows, Lynford? did not somebody once erect such a one for somebody, in the olden time?

Lynford.—Certainly, you know Haman erected such a one for Mordecai, the Jew.

Vernon.—Very good! But what was the result of that affair? Mordecai, I believe, was not hanged after all.

Lynford.—No! but Haman was hanged on his own gallows.

Vernon.—So I thought; and this governor

of ours, I hope, is familiar with the story. If not, it might be well for him to study it carefully.

Lynford.—Why, Vernon, this, it seems to me, smacks a little of treason.

Vernon.—Well, the precedent was of your own citing. But if there is treason in such words as mine, then is treason fast becoming the popular language of these Colonies. It is constantly heard in all their assemblies; it is echoed back, everywhere, from the gatherings of the people; it is whispered in every private circle; yes, sir, the very atmosphere is charged with it, as with lightning before a thunder-storm. There may be Hamans among us mad enough to build such gallows as you speak of; but if so, be assured they will build them for themselves.

[*Exit.*]

Lynford.—So! Even this cool-headed fellow seems almost ripe for rebellion. There is much truth, too, in what he says about the popular sentiment; and a wise man like myself should think of this. Certainly, I have

no taste for sedition, but then I should be very loath to find myself on the losing side. Well, well, the governor and his party still have the bestowal of the patronage, and I shall therefore stick to them until I am sure that somebody else can pay better. Still, I have my misgivings that I am an ass for doing so. But what then? Is it not the glory of the ass (the highest, if not the only eulogy ever passed on him,) that he knows his master's crib? If then I must suffer his reproach let me try also to share his advantage.

[*Exit.*]

SECTION II.

Same place. At Tangorua's Lodgings. Present, Vernon, Callender, and Tangorua.

Tangorua.—I have sent for you, my friends, because I believe you wish to see justice done, and I have need of your assistance. I supposed this was to be a treaty between two independent parties; the governor representing his people, and I representing mine; and that we met here on neutral ground, and on equal terms. But the governor does not seem to understand it so. He treats me as a child; does every thing in his own way, and expects me to trust entirely to his paternal kindness. He ought to know that confidence cannot be produced by such means. It is a wild flower that will grow spontaneously in its own time, wherever it finds a congenial soil. It may be found blooming on the barren heath, and amid snow and ice, and on the bosom of the

rock; but it cannot be forced into sudden existence, by any art of cultivation, even in the richest garden. I am here to take care of the interests of my people, and I expect all things to be done openly, that I may see and understand whatever is proposed, before I agree to it.

Vernon.—It seems to me, that what you require is but just and reasonable.

Callender.—If thou adherest to such principles throughout, friend Tangorua, the Society of Friends will not fail to approve thy course.

Tangorua.—It has been customary, as you know, to have the history of these treaties recorded. The practice has been for the governor to appoint a clerk, by whom every thing said and agreed upon should be carefully written down. On the part of the Indians, nothing was written, nor had they any means of knowing whether the governor's clerk wrote the account truly. For any thing they knew, he might write whatever he pleased, or whatever his master com-

manded. The account so written, was then laid up among the archives of the government, where it slept quietly until some of those who attended the treaty were dead, till the memories of others were impaired by age, and till other transactions had obscured the recollection of all; then suddenly waking it, told its tale against the Indians, and there was no one to distinguish its voice from the voice of truth. In this way a falsehood, which no one would have had the face to utter at the beginning, might become in time a recorded truth, so sacred that no one would dare to dispute it; of all weapons this is the most dangerous to the Indians. They can fight against your swords and muskets, but when you appeal to their good faith, they have no resistance to make; they yield up their right to redeem promises which their fathers never made. To guard against such evils in future, I resolved before coming here to have a clerk of my own choosing, by whom every thing should be written

down, and compared with the record made by the governor's clerk.

Vernon.—You must apply to the governor. I am free to say that your request is no more than reasonable, and do not hesitate to promise in his name that he will promptly grant it.

Callender.—Without doubt he will do so. What thou demandest is certainly thy just right; and as a wise and upright man the governor cannot refuse thee.

Tangorua.—Let the world judge then, whether this governor is a wise and upright man! I have already made the application, and he has refused it. Such, he says, has not been the custom, and he insists upon following the old course. A wise and just man would not inquire what was customary, but what was proper to be done. That we have been wronged in times past he would own may give us a right to indemnity, but can give him no right to repeat the wrong. Even the beasts of the forest know how to accommodate themselves to the change of seasons

and circumstances. Must the Indian alone pursue a road that leads to destruction, because it is a beaten path? The governor requires of us what he cannot obtain from his own people. They do not trust him with the care of their rights, but vigilantly guard them for themselves. They act wisely, and I intend to follow their example. Go, then, and urge the governor to perform what justice demands, if you wish this treaty to proceed; for, until he has given me this pledge of sincerity, I will hear no more of his professions of friendship.

Vernon and Callender.—We shall not fail to present your views to him, nor to tell him that we see nothing improper in them.—[*Exeunt.*]

Tangorua.—These worthy gentlemen take up my cause with wonderful alacrity, They love justice; ay, and they hate the governor. Why then should they not make use of a poor Indian, as a nettle, to sting him with? And why should not I make use of them as tools to dig a mine, which, duly fired, shall

blow both them and him and all their race to heaven or hell—anywhere out of the land their fathers stole from ours. And then for Weeraoochwee's dream! Ambition, patriotism, love—all draw me in the same direction. Each has had power, alone, to raise even common men to greatness; the inspiration of all three, then, can hardly fail to make a hero. But what if this governor should unfortunately grant my prayer? I must prefer another; and, if he grant that, another still, and so on till his grace shall be exhausted. Thus with the aid of my good allies, I shall make him appear the aggressor; sow discord in his ranks, and bring the contest to a sudden issue. [*Exit.*]

SECTION III.

At same place. A room in the Court House. Present, the Lieut.-Governor and his Council. Enter Vernon and other Provincial Commissioners; also, Callender and other Quakers.

Vernon.—As representatives of the Assembly, and of the Society of Friends, we wait upon your excellency in behalf of the Indian Chief Tangorua, who complains that he has not been treated with the justice and frankness he has a right to expect.

Lieut.-Governor.—What! sir; am I to understand that you have been holding intercourse with a suspected enemy of this province, and that you now presume to appear before us as his professed advocates?

Vernon.—Tangorua sent for us, and expressed a wish to confer with us as friends, declaring that an obstacle had occurred in the way of the treaty, which must be removed

before it could proceed a single step. He stated, that after mature deliberation he had resolved never again to transact any public business without having a clerk of his own choosing to write down all that should pass; that he had made application to your honor to this effect, and that you had peremptorily refused his request. He therefore desired us us to interpose in his behalf.

Lieut.-Governor.—And what answer did you think proper, in your wisdom and patriotism, to give him?

Vernon.—We could not deny that his request to have a secretary, seemed to us as reasonable as it was wise and prudent. We therefore agreed to remonstrate with your honor on the subject; nor did we fail to encourage him to indulge the hope that on farther consideration your honor would change your decision.

Lieut.-Governor.—This is the most extraordinary proceeding I ever heard of. Who are you, sirs, that take upon yourselves to sit in judgment on my conduct? Those of you

who are Colonial Commissioners, know that you have been appointed to that office for the sole purpose of disbursing certain moneys, with my approbation. And you who belong to the Society of Friends, received our instructions upon this subject at Philadelphia. We cautioned you against appearing at this treaty, and are greatly surprised at seeing you here. It cannot but be known to you all, that I alone in this province, as the representative of his majesty, am authorised to hold intercourse with the Indians, on occasions like this; and that in presuming to act as mediators, you have violated the established laws; set a most pernicious example; invaded the just prerogative of your sovereign, and exposed yourselves to condign punishment. Since you forget what is due to your respective stations and to mine, I must make it my business to remind you of it.

Vernon.—The Assembly appointed their commissioners, as your honor has remarked, to disburse the public moneys; but they also expect us to judge of the propriety

of such disbursements. If, therefore, we discover a course of proceeding, which we think injurious to the public interests, we conceive that it is our duty both to remonstrate against such proceeding, and to refuse to pay the expense of them. Such we conceive to be our rights as Provincial Commissioners. And I would moreover inform your honor, that as members of the Assembly, and representatives of the freemen of Pennsylvania, we claim the right to remonstrate with the executive upon any subject whatever, as often as we may judge that the interests of our constituents require it.

Callender.—It hath always been the practice of Friends to abstain carefully from the use of violent language; nor are they accustomed to regard it much, when used by others; inasmuch as experience has long since taught them that truth and justice, are at all times a sufficient defence against such ill-chosen weapons. The prohibition of a governor has not yet, as we trust, attained the force of law in this province; and therefore it cannot deter

us from the exercise of our full rights as freemen. Since therefore we know of no statute or custom which forbids our going whithersoever our inclinations may lead us, we have now come here, because it was our pleasure to do so. And when we saw that the governor was pursuing a course which we had good reason to fear, would prove injurious to our own interests and those of our fellow subjects, we could not hesitate to exercise that right of petition and remonstrance, which we have derived from our ancestors, and which every Englishman esteems among his most sacred privileges.

Lieut.-Governor.—I will hear no more of this. Your language I must say is as far removed from decency, as your conduct is from loyalty. I am resolved, at all hazards, to maintain the prerogative of his Majesty unimpaired; and I therefore enjoin it upon you, whether commissioners, members of the assembly, or private subjects, to abstain from all farther interference with the conduct of this treaty; and I warn you against holding

any farther intercourse with the Indians of a public nature, directly or indirectly, upon any pretence whatever. Remember this, as you shall answer to his Majesty, at your peril.

Vernon.—We have discharged our duty; the responsibility now rests with your Honor.

Callender.—We shall cheerfully answer to his Majesty for the offence of having offered a petition and remonstrance, in a matter which concerned the public interest, to one of his subordinates.

Lieut.-Governor.—[*To an Attendant.*] Go call Tangorua. [*Exit Attendant.*] It is time this farce was ended.

1*st Council-man.*—Those who have instigated or encouraged him in his course deserve the severest censure; but if he should persist in his demand, let us not blindly walk into the snare which has been laid for us. It will do but little honor to our skill in diplomacy, if we allow this council to be broken up on a mere question of formality.

2*nd Council-man.*—Certainly it concerns our honor as well as the interests of this Province

to overcome this difficulty and proceed with the treaty. Concession upon this point, judiciously made, may be turned to our advantange in matters of more consequence.

[*Enter Tangorua.*]

Lieut.-Governor.—We have been much surprised, that you should send others to remonstrate with us, when you know that we were always glad to confer with you personally upon any subject. Why should you insist upon having a secretary? Are you wiser than your forefathers? They made no such demand, and you cast a reproach upon their memories—you condemn their conduct for more than fifty years—by refusing to follow the course with which they were always so well satisfied.

Tangorua.—If my Brother sees anything offensive in what I have done, it can only be because he was seeking for it. I have treated him as a man who understood what he said, and meant to adhere to it. When you refused my request, therefore, I thought it idle to renew it, unless some other argu-

ments or influences could be brought to bear in its favor. In all this I still think there was no cause of offence. Neither have I shown any disrespect to the memory of my ancestors. The conduct of men should be governed by circumstances. The white men were at first few in number, and came begging hospitality. Wm. Penn was their leader. They are now more numerous than ourselves, and, you, sir, are their governor. What was wise conduct in our fathers, might therefore be folly in us. Does not the same soil which in its youth and freshness produce abundant crops, yield only thorns and briers when it has become worn and wasted? The one may be more inviting to the stranger, but the other is more annoying to the trespasser. Consider the senseless waters? When their accustomed channel is obstructed they know how to find a new path, and make their way to their place of destination. But what if we claim to be wiser than our fathers? have we not grown up side by side with your own people, and mingled freely with them? how

then could we escape catching some rays of that wisdom which shines so brightly in them? And what if I claim to know more than the chiefs who have gone before me? Have I not had your own example for my instruction? or do you think me incapable of following so wise a guide? Let us act for ourselves then without disturbing the repose of the dead. They performed their parts and have passed away. Let us who survive, perform ours in like manner, according to the best of our judgment. Such, at least, shall be my rule of conduct, without regard to the traditions of the past.

Lieut.-Governor.—I am sorry to see this want of confidence. The indulgence of such a spirit is little calculated to promote the object of this assembly. The innovation upon established usage which, you propose, is against my judgment; nevertheless, to show how ready I am to comply with your wishes, and how anxious to remove all obstacles and subjects of complaint, I shall grant your request, though it is such as no Indian Chief

ever made before. Choose your secretary, then, and let us proceed to business.

Tangorua.—Something more is necessary before we proceed. It is in vain to attempt to settle a dispute, until we clearly understand what it is. The history of the past has been written by yourselves; all that you have ever claimed is there set down; and though we may dispute your title to so much, you at least will claim no more than is there expressed. Let these records then be produced, that we may know the worst that can be said against us.

Lieut.-Governor. — Your language would seem to imply the belief that your people have been unfairly dealt with. It is hard to judge of such a matter, unless we know what your notions in regard to fair dealing may be.

Tangorua.—The customs of your people and the customs of our people are in many respects widely different; but the great principles of truth and justice are understood alike by all. If we should compare our notions on that subject, I am sure there would

be no difference of opinion between us. If I should tell you that a man had bought lands from the Indians and then died; and that after his death his sons had caused new deeds to be made, alike in all respects, except that they embraced a great deal more land, and caused these to be recorded as the true deeds; *that* you would agree with me was fraud. So, too, you would say it was fraud, if where the extent of a purchase was to be measured by so many hours' walk, swift runners were employed to make the measurement at their utmost speed. And where rivers, mountains, springs, and other permanent objects have been pointed out on the ground as boundary-marks, but are omitted in the deeds, and arbitrary limits substituted for them, so as to embrace twice as many acres as were agreed upon, *this* you will acknowledge is likewise fraud. Nor will you deny that it is fraud, when the purchase has been made by the winding course of a river, and the lines afterwards run straight through from point to point with a compass. These, and many other

cases I might mention, you and all men, white or red, will pronounce to be fraud.

Lieut.-Governor.—But do you intend to say that the Indians have been so treated in this province?

Tangorua.—I do. The very ground on which we now stand has been taken from us by means like these.

Lieut.-Governor.—If it were so, all that is past; the generation who committed and who suffered the wrong are alike in their graves. Our business is with the affairs of the present time.

Tangorua. — This is the morality of the robber; everything made to depend on possession, nothing on right. The Indian believes in a different creed. He feels himself bound by the promises of his ancestors. He will redeem their pledges, and fulfil their contracts. On the other hand, he feels himself bound to revenge their wrongs, and to recover, if he can, whatever was unjustly taken from them. It is no idle curiosity, therefore, that

leads me to inquire into these old transactions.

Lieut.-Governor.—Very well; it shall be as you wish. We will take the matter into consideration at our leisure, after our return to Philadelphia, and if wrongs have been committed they shall be redressed.

Tangorua.—There has been no governor in this province for many years past, who did not make the same promise. They considered the subject all the time they remained in office; and if they are still living, they are, no doubt, still considering it beyond the sea. The governors of other provinces have pursued the same course with their Indians. They are always considering their wrongs, but I have never heard of a single case in which they have redressed them. It is time to put an end to this course. We are now here together, and we have met for the express purpose of settling these questions. Let us then proceed to action. If we can agree, it will be well; if not, we shall at least know what we have to fight about.

Proprietary Agent.—It is proper for me to remind the governor and council that I have possession of the deeds and records in question,—as the confidential agent of the Propietaries; and that I have been positively instructed not to produce them for inspection on any occasion of this kind.

1*st Council-man.*—I am very sorry to hear this. It becomes us to act liberally and openly on this occasion; and such a spirit in my judgment, requires that these records be produced. Instructions given by those who are thousands of miles from the scene of action, ought not to be too strictly construed. If the proprietaries were here, they would no doubt conform their conduct to the exigencies of the occasion. In their absence, it becomes their agent to exercise an enlightened discretion, rather than follow the letter of his instructions.

2*d Council-man.*—I am of the same opinion. The public interest requires it; the peace of the province depends upon it.

All the Council-men.—We are all of the same opinion.

Lieut.-Govermor.—Such being the unanimous advice of the council, I will take it upon myself to order the records to be produced. The agent can plead my orders, and I will answer forit to the proprietaries. [*To Tangorua.*] You see in this, I trust, our disposition to give every satisfaction in our power to our Indian brethren. I cannot, for myself, see either the necessity or propriety of this course, and I agree to it purely as a concession to your wishes.

[*Various papers are here produced and spread upon the tables.*]

Tangorua. [*After looking over the papers for some time.*] I do not see what I am looking for; are these all the deeds that have been given by Indians in this province?

Lieut.-Governor.—All the more recent ones are here; we could not suppose that you wished to go back to the earliest times.

Tangorua.—When a theft has been committed, and a general search is agreed upon,

whoever absents himself, is sure to be condemned by all voices as the guilty one. And so it will be now with your absent deeds. We formerly owned all, from the sea shore backwards; you claim to have made large purchases. Produce your deeds that we may see when these purchases were made and how much they include.

Lieut.-Governor.—What you ask is not only unreasonable, but wholy impracticable. You may succeed in breaking up the conference by insisting upon it, but you cannot obtain the deeds, for they are not here; we left them behind, at Philadelphia.

Tangorua.—That was indeed a great fault, but it may yet be remedied. You have young men in your service, who can go to Philadelphia and return in a few days. But if it required many days, it is the only course left. I am willing to await his return; but I cannot go back to my people and tell them I have examined these questions fully, while part of the records are withheld. When I

hear of their arrival I will wait upon you; until then there is no need of my presence.

[*Exit.*]

Lieut.-Governor.—The more we concede, the more is required of us. Let us think over this new demand until to-morrow morning, perhaps we shall find means in the interim, to avoid the difficulty.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SECTION IV.

At the Moravian Mission: Present, Zangenberg and Miriam.

Zangenberg (*going.*)—You must not detain me now, child; I cannot talk with you at present; I am very busy. Besides, my mind is much perplexed, and I wish to be alone.

Miriam.—It is always so of late; but my dear father, I can endure this want of confidence no longer. You shun my presence as much as possible; your eye looks coldly and reproachfully upon me; you allow me no share in your councils; you seem unwilling even to mingle your prayers with mine. What dreadful thing have I done to cause this sad change. Have I failed in diligence as the instructor of these poor Indians? Have I been guilty of any impropriety of conduct, that makes my example unfit for their imitation? Or have I neglected any of the duties which a daugh-

ter owes to an aged father? Tell me, I beseech you, what it is that you find amiss in me, that you may see how anxious my hand still is to minister to your comforts. When you first came to this wilderness, you know that I cheerfully followed your fortunes without casting one lingering look at the gay city we were leaving, or shedding more than a few transient tears at parting with all the companions of my childhood. In this spirit I came, and in this spirit I have lived here ever since. If I have not been happy, I have at least been content in the belief that my post of duty was at your side wherever you might go. But if I can no longer soothe your cares, nor be permitted to lean on your shoulder and weep on your bosom, then, indeed, has the path of life become unto me a desolate way,

Zangenberg.—No, no, child! if I wished ever so much to reproach you, I might seek in vain for a cause. For though many daughters have done virtuously—thou hast excelled them all. Yea, and amply, too amply it may

be, hast thou shared in the love which two objects only could divide—my Father who is in heaven, and my child here below. Nay, these two passions have been so blended into one, that I have neither known nor cared to distinguish between them. Woe is me, that they have at last become arrayed against each other! woe is me, that I should now be called upon, either to suppress the yearning of a father's heart towards his only child, or to quench the Spirit from above that stirs within my bosom!

Miriam.—O, my father! these are dark and fearful words; I dare not open my eyes to see what dreadful monster lies hid under their shadow. But let not my unworthy person obstruct your view of the better land towards which you have been so long journeying. You have almost reached it, and it is fit that your thoughts and affections should dwell there and not here. Your earthly ties will soon be severed, and who can tell which of them will be reunited above! Often such ties are born of accident or caprice; sometimes they depend on

sordid interests or unholy passions; they are always soiled with the impurities of earth, and they partake of the transient nature of all earthly things. But there, above, the unclouded spirit will see as it is seen—with pure and unerring eyes. No unworthy or uncongenial relation will there be found; no passion, no prejudice, no delusion; no infatuation; nor the tyranny of habit; nor the reverence of tradition; nor any of those false lights which, springing from an unwholesome soil, have allured the vision and misled the steps of so many good men here on earth. Forget that there is any such being as I living; forget that you ever had a daughter; and fear not that any remembrance of her will hereafter rise to trouble your thoughts in heaven.

Zangenberg.—It was neither want of affection in the parent, nor failure of duty in the child, that led the patriarch of old to bind his only son upon the altar. The voice of God had commanded, and the duty of Abraham was absolute obedience: nor did the victim resist, even when he saw the knife raised to

slay him. Jehovah still reigns; and though his voice is no longer heard by the ear, it speaks not less audibly still through the emotions of the heart. O, that he might find a like spirit in his professed followers in this latter day, and in this remote wilderness!

Miriam.—I have no doubt loved life as well as others, and like others have consoled myself for the sadness of the present, with the hope that the future hours would come trooping down, a joyous band. And yet I can say, without fear before you, my father, and before my Father who is in heaven, that I have never yet preferred life before duty. If it were not so, I would not now be here. But the time for such conflicts is now passed forever. In no sense now, can my death be called a sacrifice—life has become a burden that I would fain get rid of. Show me! O, show me! how I may lawfully lay it down, and I shall rejoice exceedingly, and be glad to find the grave!

Zangenberg.—To die, can never be regarded as a sacrifice, by any one who really believes

in the promises; but rather as a blessed deliverance from bondage. To die early, is to leap at one bound over those obstacles which others spend long and laborious years in surmounting; it is to win the prize without the tediousness of the race. It is to gain the victory without the sweat and blood of the battle. Just in proportion, therefore, as the Christian's faith is strong, will be his readiness at all times to welcome death as a friend, come to conduct him to happier scenes. The trial with him is not in dying, but in so living as to prove himself worthy of his high calling. To obey the summons which calls him from earth, is always a joyful privilege; but to subdue all passion and prejudices as born of earth, and yet remain upon it—this often be comes a mournful duty. Yea, my daughter, we must learn not only to endure, but to love many things which our unsanctified natures would turn away from with fear and disgust and thus ——

Miriam.—I will not be guilty of the affectation of pretending not to understand you

now; nor can I wish you to bring into nearer and clearer view, an apparition which makes my blood run cold, even when seen dimly and afar off. And will you not also give me time to try, at least, if I cannot forget the lessons, which you have been all my life teaching me? How the relation you refer to, is as sacred as indissoluble? How they who enter into it from policy and interest, instead of affection, offend against the law alike of nature and of God? But is it not possible, O my father, that your vision may be blinded by some fatal illusion? Are you sure, indeed that it is our duty to disregard distinctions which nature herself has established, and which all the impulses of our being call upon us to respect? Do not the suggestions of the Evil One sometimes assume the disguise even of a voice from heaven?

Zangenberg.—The ways of God, my daughter, are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. He is over all. He will not fail to aid those whom he selects as his honored instruments, for the accomplishment of

his purposes in their efforts to rise above the inherent weaknesses of humanity; but he also requires them to obey, even where they fail to comprehend. And fear not that I have misinterpreted the indications of his providence. I have long, alas! too long, resisted his will. Like Gideon of old, I have again and again desired that he would show me a sign, that he talked with me. Nor were such signs withheld; signs not less clear and certain than the fire rising up out of the rock, or the dew on the fleece. And now, the sounds of commotion that reach us from all points say plainly, that it is time to be up and doing. The harvest is ripe for the sickle. Jehovah is fast advancing to execute a great work among this people. Woe be to all such as refuse to aid in preparing his way, or presume to obstruct it. They shall be as dry stubble before a consuming fire. They shall be as chaff scattered by a whirlwind. Yea, they shall be ground to powder beneath his rushing chariot-wheels.

Miriam.—Have pity on me, father, and do

not urge me for an answer now. Why, the worst criminal is allowed some time to prepare himself, before he is led to execution. Leave me now, O leave me! that I may commune a while with my own heart.

Zangenberg.—Ay, this is the besetting sin of all mankind; to procrastinate, and allow the hour of opportunity to pass unimproved. But no! it must not be so now with us. We must haste to the bosom of the deep while the tide is at the full, if we desire not to become stranded on the shore; for events, as they flow, have their floods no less than the ocean tides; but, unlike them, when they have once passed on their course, they know no morrow. Make haste, then, for there is no time to lose. I leave you now, but will soon return to hear your answer. [*Exit Zangenberg.*]

Miriam.—Wretched, friendless, forlorn! whither can I turn for help or sympathy? If I look inward, and consult my own bosom, I find there only a whirlpool of contending emotions, to frighten me; but no peace, no

hope, no promise of escape from the toils that encompass me. And he who from my earliest recollections guarded me as the apple of his eye,—nourishing my soul with looks, words, and deeds of kindness,—ever ready to discover, and anxious to remove the slightest shade that might chance to fall upon my features,—now he is cold and stern, and witnesses my sighs and tears unmoved. Whither shall I turn for comfort? To Him who has said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" Alas! I dare not. He made himself lower than the angels; became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and died on the bitter cross, for our advantage. Now his commands are upon me, (so my father tells me,) and my heart rebels against them. Let me not look toward him, then, lest his angry countenance blast me with more than temporal death. But is it not possible that my father is mistaken? may it not be that the age-frost which has already stamped so many marks upon him—whitening his head, and

furrowing his brow, and shriveling his limbs —may it not have begun at last to blight the mind also? Or may not his long and wistful contemplation of a favorite subject, have led him to mistake the phantoms of his own imagination for heaven-sent messengers? Oh, sad conclusion! Oh melancholy refuge! Let me rather say, that his long and steady gaze towards heaven has enabled him at last to penetrate the veil that separates the mortal from immortality; that at the near approach of dissolution the free-born spirit has already half escaped from its clay-built prison house. Ah, Vernon! has thou, too, forsaken me? His last words were a promise that I should see him soon; and never has he even sent me one kind word of remembrance. Thus is my desolation made complete. Darkness, loneliness, and despair, shall henceforth be my familiar companions. Shall be? Henceforth? Ay, while life continues. But is there no remedy for the evil of living too long? When the thread of life has become hopelessly tangled, is it not allowable to shear it

off? May we not at least be passive, and suffer these body-machines to run themselves down for lack of nourishment? These are fearful questions. Hitherto they have been with me forbidden questions. Now they come pressing for an answer, and I am puzzled how to decide them. Let me entertain them awhile, then, as friendly guests; they will at least serve to drive out the harpy-thoughts which are now gnawing at my heart-strings. [*Enter Kazuka.*]—Tell me, Kazuka, what do you think of it? Is it our duty to go on puffing and blowing upon our windpipes, like a child blowing its whistle, as long as we can muster breath enough? or may we, without sin, leave off when we are tired of it?

Kazuka.—If my sister means to ask me whether it is lawful for us to put an end to our own lives, I answer, that such is not the custom of my people. The Indian mother teaches her children that the Great Spirit will enable them to bear all their griefs without complaining, and that he expects them to do

so. It happens, accordingly, that the warrior who has been captured by his enemies never fails to sing his death-song triumphantly, in spite of all the tortures they can inflict. If he should attempt to escape these sufferings, by taking his own life, all the tribes would say he was a coward, and had run away from the field of his greatest battle.

Miram. (*Still meditating.*)—"The Great Spirit will enable them to bear!" Why, this is the very language of Christ himself: "My grace is sufficient for you." "He will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able." How did these savage heathen come by this great promise? No matter! they have it; and their lives manifest an absolute trust in it, which the Christian world may well blush to hear of. But in whatever school they may have learned this lesson, is it not likely that the same Master taught them that other lesson, to run life's course to the end, be it strewed ever so full of thorns? Perhaps so. And yet, what does all this amount to? Only to this: that such is the custom of the red

man. But the customs of different countries are different. On this very subject a custom directly opposite has prevailed, not only among barbarians like these, but among the most civilized nations of the earth. The same death which is so ignominious in the eyes of these rude Indians, was in the highest degree honorable among the cultivated Romans. Not only the foremost nations, but the foremost men of those nations, have held such views. Demosthenes, Hannibal, Cato, Brutus—these names shine among the signal lights of history; yet these, and many others like them, when their blows could avail nothing more against the ills of life, turned their weapons homeward, and smote themselves. No inference can be drawn, therefore, on this subject, from custom. Can you tell me, Kazuka, why your people should hold such opinions?

Kazuka.—I have heard the hunters say, that no beast or bird ever allows itself to be caught or killed if it can help it. But however badly it may be wounded or mutilated;

and however painful or wretched its life may have become, it yet never fails to exert its utmost strength to avoid the death-stroke. I have found the same thing to be true of all the creatures that move and crawl around us.

Miriam. [*Still meditating.*]—And thus does all animated nature cry aloud against self-destruction! It seems, indeed, on a moment's consideration, that this instinct in favor of life, is necessary to prevent the extinguishment of all life; either by the dangers which threaten it on every hand, or through want of exertion to sustain it. The love of life is the main spring of all effort; for neither man nor beast would endure one moment's toil if he were at all times as willing to die as to live. Thus, it seems, that this great law is an essential feature in God's system for the government of the world. Ay, but has man no higher guide than this? Shall he follow every impulse, and obey every tyrant passion of his nature? Assuredly not. He is required instead always to prune and sometimes even to root out these innate propensities,

which are the sole rule of action to the unreasoning brute. Instinct bids us shun death on all occasions; reason commands us to face it boldly—to rush upon it, even, at the call of duty; and by common consent the wretch who clings to life when honor and conscience require him to yield it up, is, of all men, the most despicable. Thus have I again reached the same conclusion: nothing can be inferred on this subject from the instinct in favor of life, universal though it certainly is. Kazuka, your answer was not amiss, but I am not yet satisfied. What other reason can you give me.

Kazuka.—I was once very sick, and everybody said I would die; but the next day I was as well as ever. Often too have I lost things which came back to me after I had given up all hope of ever seeing them again.

Miriam. [*Still meditating*] — Well, then, what are the misfortunes of the hour, but transient shadows cast by the clouds that happen just now to be floating over our heads? A little patience and they will pass and let

the sun-light through again. Add to this, that no mortal can discern the true character of passing events, which glide by as a masked procession, and hence on reviewing our past lives, how often do we find that forms which we mistook for tormenting demons were in truth angels of mercy, come to bless and to save us! And yet this view, also, ends in darkness; for there *are* diseases which are incurable; there *are* losses which are irreparable; there *are* griefs which are inconsolable. When the eyes are out there can be no more seeing; when the limbs are palsied, there can be no more working; when the heart is broken the exulting pulse of hope can beat no more for ever. What then? Is it the sufferer's duty, nay, is it right for him to live on, an idle drifting wreck; an incumbrance to his fellow man; a consumer of stores which he has not helped to garner? Or shall he not rather withdraw from a scene in which he can act no useful part, and which he can not help marring with his presence?—Have you

no better reasons, Kazuka, than these to offer?

Kazuka.—None but such as I have learned under your own teachings. I can not tell exactly what it is, nor show just where it is, but I am sure there is something on this subject in the Bible.

Miriam. [*Still meditating.*]—That were more to the purpose than all the arguments drawn from custom, from instinct or from interest. The solution of a question of duty belongs, of right, to Him to whom all duty is owing. What precepts then do the Scriptures furnish on this subject? None. In what place is its lawfulness treated of, or where alluded to or hinted at? nowhere; and yet Kazuka is right: there certainly is something on this subject in the Bible. How then shall we be able to search it out? Hark! I hear a voice which speaks as never man spake, saying, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God. But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore:

ye are of more value than may sparows." No danger then of being forgotten or neglected! No hope of being overlooked, for those who would hide their deeds from view. One who is ever present, whose power is almighty, whose vigilance is sleepless, watches over and guards, and guides, the humblest of his creatures. But hark again, another voice salutes my ears: "Despise not the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him; For whom the lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." If it be true that this life is a mere probation, a course of discipline, a school of instruction for another and nobler life, why should human suffering be thought a mystery? Virtues never strike their roots deep in any soil that is not fertilized with tears. It was they who had come out of much tribulation who were seen in the great vision arrayed in white robes. And still another voice: "He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men." No! for it is an essential part of his scheme of government. Vast are his

dominions, and innumerable the agents he employs. Through the great he stimulates ambition. Through the lowly he teaches humility. Strength and swiftness develop the energies of men; weakness and infirmity their patience and power of endurance. Prosperity fills the world with gladness; adversity creates the brotherhood of sympathy. Of all these workers in the common cause, Omniscience alone can tell who is performing the most important and most honorable duties. And surely it is but reasonable that the Supreme Commander should claim the right of marshalling this great army as he pleases; of sending forth each soldier or recalling him at his discretion. But what of him who, when the moment of crisis comes, and the service which seemed so insignificant swells suddenly into vast proportions, and the order is given for him to march forward,—what of him who shall then be found to have deserted his post? Ay, what of him! let me think of it, for such even such, is the case of the suicide.—Kazuka! I have had a frightful dream; the tempter

stood at my side, and the sweet face of heaven frowned darkly upon me. But I am awake again; the evil one is fled; and the sky has cleared up. My cause is in His hands. Let Him dispose of me as it pleaseth Him.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SECTION V.

At Lancaster.—A Room in the Court House.—Present, the Lieutenant-Governor and part of his Council.

Lieut.-Governor.—I am sorry to see that the council are not all present on this occasion. This subject demands our gravest consideration. The effects of our conduct this morning will reach far into the future. The question is simply this: whether the white man or the red man shall henceforth rule in this Province; for if these people find us ready to submit to every capricious demand which they see fit to urge, it will not be long, we may be sure, till they assume the tone of masters.

1*st Council-man.*—And yet we must remember that these questions respecting their lands are of a very peculiar and delicate nature. The policy of our great Founder,—that everything should be fairly purchased from the Indians,—has no doubt been substantially pursued; though there may have been some

unhappy departures from it. And since the records are all in our possession, it seems but reasonable, that they should have free access to them, in order to satisfy any doubts that may have arisen among them.

Lieut.-Governor.—I cannot see the propriety or expediency of overhauling those old transactions. Whatever may have been their character, they belong to a past generation. They have long been acquiesced in, and no good, but much evil may come from re-opening them. Besides, this man, Tangorua, is clearly bent upon testing our firmness, and ascertaining how much we can be made to concede by arrogant demands.

2*d Council-man.*—I do not like the temper he has shown, and yet, however wrong as a general policy, concession may be the part of wisdom here. The Indians are a decaying people; every year makes them weaker and us stronger. If we but have a little patience then, time will fight all our battles for us; and when they are gone, it were better our records should show that we had treated them

with even too much indulgence, than that we had exterminated them by force.

Lieut.-Governor.—A very plausible excuse, no doubt, for the omission of our present duty. To shuffle off our burdens upon our successors, may be agreeable enough, but is neither wise nor manly. A proper trust in Providence is becoming in all good Christians, but Providence will not supply the omissions of our imbecility. If we wish for safety, we must be content to pay the price which alone in such cases can buy it.

2*d Council-man.*—I cannot help thinking still, that, in dealing with a people possessing so much of the ignorance and simplicity of children the mild paternal policy would be most becoming.

Lieut.-Governor.—I have no objection to your paternal policy; but how does a wise parent deal with his children? does he yield to all their caprices, becoming the more indulgent as they become the more forward? Certainly not; but rather by seasonable chas-

tisements he trains them to respect and obedience.

2*d Council-man.* — A wise statesmanship always knows how to adapt itself to circumstances, instead of adhering to certain inflexible maxims, whether applicable to the case in hand or not.

Lieut.-Governor. — A wise statesmanship! In what does it consist? in the adoption of temporary expedients which afford present relief, but produce tenfold evils in the future? which help us up the steep place of to-day, only to dash us down some fatal precipice to-morrow? No, sir! No, sir! but rather in pursuing such a course as will at once afford present relief and future security. In the adoption of principles which are not only useful for the present hour, but susceptible of expansion and development, by those who shall come after us. This is my idea of wise statesmanship. For myself, I came here to govern this Province; and it is more agreeable, both to my office and my temper, to use

the language of command than that of entreaty. I am resolved therefore—

[*Enter another Council-man.*]

Well, sir, I am glad to see you, though I could have wished you had come a little sooner. We have had need of your advice, and I am sorry you have not observed your usual punctuality this morning.

The other Council-man.—I would gladly submit in silence to your Honor's rebuke, if I could thereby annul the unfortunate news I bring. After I had left my lodgings an hour ago to come here, I heard a rumor on the street which led me to the other end of town; and there I learned that at the dead hour of night, Tangorua and all his followers had disappeared. A person who has just come in from the west, states that at daylight he saw them many miles distant making all speed towards their homes.

1*st Council-man.*—This is sad news, indeed!

Several Council-men.—Farewell now to the peace which we have so long and so fondly cherished.

Lieut.-Governor.—I cannot say, gentlemen, that I much regret this news; some such crisis was inevitable, sooner or later. It is better, perhaps, that it should come now, than hereafter. A sharp but short conflict will set all right, and we shall then stand upon a surer footing than ever, and besides, such a contest will serve to heal our internal dissensions. The Assembly will learn that they have something else to do than to wrangle with their superiors. If allowed to proceed much farther in their present course they will soon be emboldened to set at defiance the authority, not only of the Proprietaries and their representatives, but of the King himself. Let us then prepare for this emergency with alacrity and firmness. The council is now adjourned to meet next Monday at Philadelphia.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SECTION VI.

At same place. Lynford standing at street corner. Vernon passing by.

Lynford.—Halt there! Why, Vernon, you step along as if you were marching to the drum and fife. But they have not begun to play yet, except upon your imagination. Wait a few days, however, and you will have them in earnest.

Vernon.—Is that you, Lynford? Well, it is but natural that your voice should scream the louder as the storm draws nearer. It is always so with birds of such a feather.

Lynford—That I am not one of your cooing, olive-bearing turtle doves, everybody knows; and perhaps it is owing to a certain sulphurous tang in the atmosphere that I feel an unusual exhilaration of spirits this morning; and yet, if we may judge from last night's proceeding, these Indians are going to afford us but poor sport after all. They got

frightened, it seems, and ran away before a single blunderbuss had even been—loaded.

Vernon.—Ay, but they had heard the rattling of a more pernicious weapon—an unruly tongue.

Lynford.—Call you the Governor's tongue an unruly tongue? No sir, no sir! It is a tongue that is ruled, and knows how to rule others. A tongue that drops words of instruction as clear and as sound as the coin that is stricken from a die. A tongue that beats out commands as weighty as blooms from a forge. A tongue that is worth all the tongues of your many-tongued Assembly. A tongue that will, one of these days, with a single wag, put an end to all your babblings. A tongue——

Vernon.—Spare me, my good fellow, spare me! When you get upon the merits of this Governor, your tongue is apt to be endless; because the subject itself is boundless, I suppose. But let him alone, for the present, to the world's silent admiration.

Lynford.—Very well; his deeds shall not

fail to praise him. But what do you think of this Indian chief, now that you have seen him? Tangorua, the civilized savage; the Christian heathen; the red-white man; the peaceful warrior; the runaway brave; the friendly enemy; the hated lover; the rival of the unrivalled.

Vernon.—As your epithets seem to neutralize each other, I suppose they should go for nothing. But what do you mean by the last phrase—the rival of the unrivalled?

Lynford.—Vernon, I know you to be a man of moderation and discretion, and I have great confidence in your friendship for me personally; but every man has his weaknesses, and there are some points upon which all men are weak. I should like, therefore, before I explain myself further, to have some guarantee against a breach of the peace.

Vernon.—Nonsense! Why, sir, I have a parrot at home that mocks me all day long; and, really, I had as soon think of getting angry and wringing its neck, as of lifting my

hand against Lynford for anything he may choose to say.

Lynford. — A parrot, hey! Truly, you make flattering comparisons. But, never mind. I shall send a dart through your liver yet, before my story is ended. Have you heard anything from the old Missionary or his daughter, lately?

Vernon.—I have not; all my plans for communicating with them have been strangely defeated, by some unknown agency. What do you know of them?

Lynford.—That which I should have been afraid to tell you ten minutes ago; but a parrot, I suppose, may, with safety, repeat anything it has heard. Zangenberg, you know, is a hot-brained enthusiast.

Vernon.—I know him well; and of all men living I reverence him the most. What if he be an enthusiast? Enthusiasm is the quickening principle of the universe. It is that which makes all the difference among men, between the real integers of society and the contemptible fractions or worthless cyphers; between a

Lynford or a Vernon, in short, and a Zangenberg. And his enthusiasm is as pure as it is fervent; it is a spark of that celestial fire which glowed in the bosoms of the chosen twelve, when they were sent out into all the world to preach the gospel to every creature; a heaven-born zeal, which lifts his steps far above the mire of earth, and makes his feet beautiful upon the mountains, as those of him that bringeth glad tidings. So completely does this spirit possess him, that the common ties of interest and of sentiment, of kindred and of country, have become to him as flax that is burned with fire. He cares nothing for all the rewards and punishments which this world can dispense, nor among what people his life is passed, nor in what earth his bones may be buried, if only he can speed the work of his Divine Master.

Lynford.—Strange that the same subject should bear such different faces to two men of sense like you and me, Vernon. You have spoken your opinion of Zangenberg, sincerely, I am sure. Let me now speak

mine. He is a man, as it seems to me, who has caught from the skies a ray of pure moonshine, which, being reflected from the cavity of his brain, leads his steps like a will-'o-the-wisp, into all kinds of impracticable places. Having once seen a meteor shooting through the air, he was reminded of the star seen by the wise men of the east, and hence his voyage to this western world. He can at any time interpret the carol of a bird into a revelation or a prophecy of great events. He cares nothing whether his beard is shorn or unshorn; whether his feet are encased in civilized boots or Indian moccasins; whether his coat is made of manufactured cloth or of unsophisticated deer-skin, if only he can succeed in shaping the policy and ruling the destinies of this little hemisphere. In short, sir, if you must compare him with some name recorded in Holy Writ, his only prototype is Jepthah.

Vernon.—Why do you compare him with Jepthah?

Lynford.—Because Jepthah also had a

daughter, his only child well-beloved, who yet was sacrificed to a mere freak of enthusiasm. Zangenberg is about to perform a similar exploit, unless you make haste to prevent it. In the affections of the daughter, Vernon is unrivalled, but in the policy of the father he is not only rivalled but far outrivalled by Tangorua. And this rival presses his suit with great ardor. By-the-bye, I just think of it, his sudden disappearance last night was very likely owing to the impatience of the absent lover.

Vernon.—Beware, sir! your levity may presume too far on my forbearance.

Lynford.—What! have I touched you in the quick so soon? Then I am satisfied, and can pardon your disparaging comparison. Let me pursue my story in grave and decorous words. Zangenberg has discovered, by his sage meditations, that the Indian nature, physical as well as spiritual, needs purifying; and so he has magnanimously resolved to throw his daughter as a disinfecting agent into the savage cauldron. All her

tears and prayers have served to win only a few days' delay, and unless her call upon your name is promptly answered, she will soon be consigned to an abhorred fate, the very reverse of what learned commentators tell us was the fate of Jepthah's daughter. Now, sir, if you undertake this adventure for the deliverance of a distressed damsel, you may count upon me as one of your faithful followers. I leave you, not doubting that I shall soon receive your summons.

[*Exit.*]

Vernon. (*Alone.*)—What a provoking babbler Lynford is! and yet I know few men of stronger or sharper judgment. Verily the difference between men lies not so much in their way of thinking as in their way of talking. Two brains of equal size may ferment alike with thought. The one strains out all impurities, and suffers only a small rill of clarified ideas to flow from the mouth; the other pours out froth, scum, sediment, and all in one promiscuous stream. The one is ranked among philosophers, in the catalogue

of men, the other among fools. What Lynford's tongue so lightly tells, conveys, without doubt, the heavy burden of a true report. Something of the kind I had heard before, but dreamed not that the shuttles of hell were flying at this rate. No matter; I shall soon find means to break this net, though of the devil's weaving, and deliver the bird it is spread for.

[*Exit.*]

PART THIRD.

SECTION I.

At Philadelphia.—A room in the Court House. Present, the Lieut.-Governor and his Council.

Lieut.-Governor.—You have no doubt heard through rumor, gentlemen, the sad news from the frontier. Fresh accounts are continually arriving, each more distressing and alarming than its predecessor. The out-posts have all been driven in, and the danger is fast approaching this city itself. Here is one of the many letters which I have received from reliable sources since our last meeting. [*Reads,*] "I write in the midst of alarm and confusion, and (your Honor must excuse me for adding) of universal indignation against the government. The storm that has burst upon us so furiously was long foreseen; it was predicted again and again; the means of shelter were pointed out and the government implored to

furnish them. But in return we received nothing but accounts of contentions between the governor and assembly, respecting the dignity of the one and the privileges of the other. Whilst those from whom we have a right to expect protection are thus disputing among themselves, we see our property destroyed, our homes reduced to ashes, our wives and children butchered and horribly mutilated, or carried into captivity worse than death. I will not shock your Honor by detailing the cruelties I have witnessed. Mercenary soldiers, banditti, pirates, are proverbially cruel. But they are men, and their passions may be appeased or satiated. These are fiends, broke loose from hell, with fire unquenchable raging in their bosoms. All the chief settlements of the border have been abandoned or exterminated—Shemokin, Mohontongo, Tuscarora, Connococheague, Paxton, the Great Cove, and many others. But as yet we have felt only the forewarning blast of the hurricane. Reliable information has reached us, that our diabolical enemies, French

and Indians to the number of fifteen hundred are now assembled at Shemokin, and preparing to march eastward; how far such a force may advance into a province which has no organized force to oppose it, your Honor can judge. We have neither arms nor ammunition here suitable to defend ourselves even against their straggling bands; and yet it seems that our wise men at Philadelphia are still busy with their old disputes, although every hour's delay makes it more likely that there will soon be nothing left to dispute about. In the name of the brave men who bought these lands and settled them on the faith of promises, that they should be protected in the enjoyment of them; in the name of their now homeless wives and children, of humanity and of justice; for the safety of the province; for the interest of the proprietaries, and for the honor of our sovereign, we implore your Honor to devise some means that shall at once put an end to these domestic broils, and enable the government to put forth all its strength

to save us and it from the impending destruction."

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

Messenger.—I have come direct from Carlisle. The town is overflowing with people, who have poured in from the more advanced settlements. They have sent me here to represent their condition, and to bring back such immediate assistance as I can procure. The case of hundreds is included in one sad story, and that is my own. Five days ago I was at work in my field, in the Great Cove. My neighbors throughout the settlement were similarly employed. We had gathered in our fall crops, and were preparing the ground to receive the seed of the next year's harvest; nothing but peace had ever been known in our valley, and the mountains that encircled it shut out all thought of danger. We had always lived on friendly terms with the Indians, and as little expected harm from them as from an earthquake. Towards evening on the day I have mentioned, my attention was suddenly drawn towards a number of people flying

along a neighboring road towards the hills. Turning then in the direction of my own dwelling, I saw that which caused me to hasten home at the top of my speed. But all was over. I came only in time to find some mutilated corpses of women and children which I could not recognize. My house and barn were heaps of smoking ruins. Horses, cattle, every living thing, had been slain and every article of value consumed or broken. These demons, it would seem, care not so much to ravage, as to destroy; and not content with murdering, they never fail to mangle. There being nothing to detain me here, I joined the throng that was now flying from all directions towards the nearest mountain. When we had reached its summit, we looked back and saw the whole settlement involved in a common ruin. The valley was studded throughout with columns of smoke; and every now and then a wild shriek would reach our ears from some dwelling which the tomahawk had just entered. We hastened on to Carlisle and there learned that like dis-

asters had fallen upon all the border. I need not say that I am in haste to return; and I trust I shall not be sent back alone nor empty handed.

[*A friendly Indian is here announced and admitted.*]

Friendly Indian.—I am a Nanticoke, and I speak for the Indians that live on the Susquehanna. We love our English brethren, and still wish to act under their advice, as we have always done since our great Father, William Penn, landed on our shores. But when the storm is in the sky, the eagle loves to sail on the troubled air; and when war is in the land, the Indian's heart palpitates for the battle. We can restrain our young men no longer. They know no dance but the war-dance; no song but the war-whoop. They are like hounds when the deer is in sight; we cannot hold them from the chase. But our wise men cannot let them strike your enemies unless you help them. We are as the elk, living in small and scattered herds. They are as the squirrels in the tree-tops; the

woods are everywhere full of them. The Delawares, the Shawanese, the Minnisinks, the Tweightwees, ————————, many tribes from beyond the Ohio, all the tribes west and south except the Six Nations, are against you, led on by the French, and resolved that no Englishman shall be left alive in the country. And yet you are doing nothing. I come to know whether you will fight or not. If you will give us arms and join us like men, we can soon drive them beyond the Alleghanies. But if you will not help yourselves, and intend quietly to bow your heads to the scalping knife, we must seek other connections. We cannot contend alone against such numerous enemies; nor will we allow our young men to shed their blood in the defence of cowards; to-morrow I will expect your answer, that I may carry it back to my people.

[*Exit.*]

[*Enter another Messenger.*]

Second Messenger.—Here is a circular that has been distributed throughout the border and has met with general approbation. I

have brought it that the governor may see the temper of the people.

Lieut.-Governor.—Hand it to the Secretary, and let him read it.

Secretary.—(*Reads.*)—Men of the Frontier! whilst murder in its most cruel form is entering the doors of many of your neighbors, and hovering around all your dwellings, listen to our words! A ruthless foe assails us with overwhelming numbers; an imbecile Government sends us not even a promise of assistance. The savage yells from the wilderness are echoed back from the Capitol in wranglings about dignity and precedence. Perhaps our Philadelphia brethren look upon the border settlements as a breakwater, upon which the storm will spend its fury, leaving their harbor undisturbed. Perhaps they console themselves with the expectation that our blood, and the blood of our wives and children, will slake the thirst of the enemy, and stay his progress. But shall we submit to be thus used, with all who are most dear to us, as mere barricades, behind which the selfish, the

indolent and the cowardly may hide themselves in safety? Every consideration that is sacred among men forbids it. Be ready then for the only alternative. We have made a last appeal for help; if it be not immediately sent, let us march to Philadelphia with arms in our hands, and quarter ourselves and our families upon its inhabitants. If battles are to be fought we shall be stronger there than here; if extermination is to be our doom, let it fall upon the whole province alike. We are, in great affliction, your

FELLOW SUFFERERS.

1*st Council-man.*—These are indeed strange tales for this Province. Where is now the spirit of Wm. Penn? Alas! when he ascended there was no Elisha to take up the mantle he let fall.

Lieut.-Governor.—You are greatly mistaken, sir. More than half the members of our present Assembly are wearing the identical garment at this moment. At least they think so. They adhere literally to the same maxims,

under circumstances altogether different; and hence come all our troubles. Add to this the spirit of insubordination, which has long been fermenting in our midst, and it was apparent that an early explosion in some direction was inevitable. Why should we then waste regrets on these occurrences, when a lasting benefit may be drawn from them? The Assembly have long treated our instructions and advice with contempt; they have also turned a deaf ear to the prayers of the border settlements; but now that their own peace and safety are threatened, we shall find (unless my knowledge of human nature prove greatly at fault,) that their insolence will give place to a corresponding degree of servility. Let us then make use of the opportunity to quell this rising spirit of independence, and to teach both Assembly and people a proper respect for the masters appointed by heaven to rule over them.

2*d Council-man.* — Would that all our governors had shown a temper like this! Authority had not then been trampled under

foot. But no matter, your Honor will soon bring these champions of rebellion to your feet as suitors.

1*st Council-man.*—I am not so sure of that, these non-resisting Quakers are a very peculiar people. With all their meekness they refuse to extend to their superiors the commonest courtesies of life, and with all their love of peace, they are obstinately tenacious of their purposes. When you have seen a single one of them take off his hat in the presence even of a king, it will be time enough to indulge the expectation of seeing them bend their knees before a governor. But we shall see, we shall see.

[*Exeunt.*]

SECTION II.

At same place. A room in Lynford's house. Present Lynford and several companions, Rumford, Piper, Gaines, &c.

Rumford.—Why Lynford, this is the same wine—am sure of it—that I drank some time ago at the governor's, when I had the honor of dining with him. I knew that you were in high favor with his Honor, but was not aware that you had also won the heart of his butler.

Piper.—Upon my word I was just going to make the same remark about these cigars. They are a prime article, and made expressly for the lips of gentlemen of quality like the governor and ourselves; none of your rank Virginia weeds but their flavor is aromatic, —such as belongs only to plants which grow in the tropics. Observe the smoke of them; not dusky wreaths gathering into sable

clouds as they rise, but light and graceful columns—white as Parian marble—swelling and tapering like Grecian shafts—crowned with the volute and the acanthus.

Gaines.—You are a lucky dog, Lynford. Not only have you the run of the palace larder, but it is currently reported that you keep a toll-gate on the lane along which all suitors for executive favors are obliged to pass, and levy what contributions you please.

Lynford.—Is this what they say of me? Well, then, I will act the patron towards my friends, and on this occasion without a fee. Choose what you will have. Name the office or dignity you desire. You will find Lynford no niggard in his gifts.

Rumford.—Let us first have a bill of the fare. What have you got to offer us?

Lynford.—Let me see! Well, how would you like to go out as ambassador extraordinary to settle these Indian disputes. It is an office of great danger, and therefore of much dignity. Indians, when at war, care but little for white flags. It will be an even chance,

therefore, whether you save our scalps or lose your own. Great glory will be yours in either event.

Rumford.—That office would not suit me. I am content with my own hair at present. If ever I grow bald and need a wig, I will think of your offer.

Lynford.—No, no! that will be too late; for of all heads, an Indian most despises that on which the scalp-lock is wanting. It is not worth wasting an arrow upon; for the scalp is, according to Indian law, the only legal voucher of a victory. Perhaps you would like to be appointed surveyor to run the lines of the new purchases. Have you a taste for wading through swamps? You will find plenty of them. Can you sleep soundly under a tree while the wild beasts are holding a concert around you, and fiery eyes are glaring at you from every thicket? You can have such entertainments every night. Are you fond of treading on rattle-snakes? You will find the paths full of them. Do you love to hear the whizzing of tomahawks thrown at

your head from ambushments? Such martial strains will not be wanting to enliven your march.

Rumford.—Worse and worse. Let us hear another specimen. These may be excellent ways to get rid of life, but I want something that will enable me to keep it and enjoy it.

Lynford.—Ah, yes! I understand; something that involves neither wounds nor bloodshed. Arm yourself then with reams of foolscap, bottles of ink, and wings of goose-quills. You must be able to keep cool when the house is on fire; to wait long and patiently when your blood is boiling for action; to smile complacently when you are bursting with anger. You must learn to swallow and digest taunts and insults, because they wear the garb of humility or respect; to receive orders when you are sent to deliver commands; in short, to be governed by those you are appointed to rule over; for I am going to make you aid-de-camp to the governor in the war he is now waging with the Broad-brims.

Rumford.—This is the worst of all. Better die by the edge of a tomahawk, by the claws of a panther, by the fangs of a rattle-snake, than fret one's life out in a service like this. But, Lynford, tell us about these disputes. We outsiders see the parties only when dressed for the stage, and only hear them playing their parts. You have access behind the scene, and see them in dishabille, and hear their conversation "aside;" you can therefore judge of the motives that govern them and of the ends they aim at.

Lynford.—A few plain words will put you in possession of the whole case. The Quakers, as all the world know, are opposed to war in any shape. Their maxim is, that love is always an overmatch for hate; that in national affairs, as well as in personal, a soft answer turneth away wrath. Upon these principles this province was founded, and they have hitherto been strictly applied in the conduct of its affairs; for the majority of the assembly has always consisted of Quakers. They will listen to no arguments

on the subject from any human source, because they believe that their principles are derived immediately from the Divine wisdom. This province has, therefore, presented the singular spectacle of a state surrounded by warlike savages, and yet provided with neither a standing army, nor a militia, nor with fortifications, nor ammunition, nor arms.

Rumford.—And, let me add, the still more singular spectacle of a state at perfect peace, while all the neighboring states have been engaged in costly and bloody wars.

Lynford.—Gentlemen, you know that I fight under the governor's flag as a true soldier; but then the truth of history must not be denied, even though it should justify the imbecil conduct of the Quakers. When Braddock was sent against the French on the Ohio, they gave no encouragement they could help, to the expedition. It was enough for them to know that it was proposed to wage war within the limits of Pennsylvania, whose soil was thus far unstained with blood. They believed that nothing but evil could come of

it. Well, Braddock marched on, and was defeated. His own death and that of so many of his officers and men, and the entire dispersion of his army, produced the same effect on the Indians that a change of fortune is apt to produce on people the most civilized. They believed that the English power was destroyed, and that the French hereafter would be masters of the country. Nearly all the tribes have accordingly gone over to the French. Some of the more scheming chiefs, no doubt, also thought it a favorable moment for the execution of a grand project, which they have long been meditating. Let us help the French to drive out the English, they said, and then with all our force let us fall upon the French, and the whole continent will again be ours. And so it came to pass that on the eighteenth day of last month, (October, 1755,) the first hostile incursion ever made by Indians, upon this province, fell like a storm of fire upon the frontier settlements.(3) It must, in fairness, be admitted that these evils have come upon

us, only since the Quaker policy was abandoned.

Rumford.—But the evil now exists. It is no longer a question of going to war, but of rescuing women and children from the clutches of ravenous beasts. Still the Quakers refuse to vote supplies.

Lynford.—This brings me to the other point of my explanation.—There have been disputes between the proprietaries and the assemblies almost from the beginning. They arose in the time of William Penn, and have been increasing in number and virulence ever since. Several of these moot-points were at issue, when these Indian troubles began; and the governor and the assembly seem each to have resolved at the same time to use the emergency as a means of extorting submission from the other. The governor believes that the assembly will yield, rather than see their fellow-citizens exterminated, and the assembly feels sure that the governor will give way when he finds there is no other means of saving the province from ruin. In the mean

time it is a rare spectacle to witness,—the people are undergoing a dreadful flagellation, and these contending parties are trying which can hold out longest against their cries for help. The probability seems to be that they will soon have neither anything left to contend for, nor a country to contend in.

Rumford.—Meanwhile we make but a sorry figure in the eyes of our Indian allies,—the few that are left us. There is a chief now in town from the Susquehanna, who appeared the other day before the governor, and demanded why his white brother did not send out his young men with their rifles and put the hatchet into the hands of the friendly Indians, so that they might all strike the French together. When the governor explained to him that he had no money, that the assembly held the purse-strings and refused to unloose them; he expressed the utmost contempt for such a government. "Do they not know," he exclaimed, "that they are sleeping over a den of serpents, which are already fast crawling into their bosoms." Then he added.

"Will nothing rouse them from their stupor? Not the warning sent by their faithful Indians? nor the cries of distress from their own people? nor the commands of their governor? One sound more they shall hear, and that shall be the last: it will be the noise of the tomahawk upon their own heads." Then observing that the governor looked sad and perplexed, he began to cheer him. "Let not my brother be cast down or discouraged," he said, "I will stand by you, and support you with my advice and my influence. I know what it is to have a divided council, when the enemy is at hand, to extinguish the council-fire itself before our eyes. Be cool, be wise, be wary, and we shall yet show them that two active brains are worth more than a whole lodge full of babbling tongues.

Gains.—To-morrow, I understand, the assembly are to meet the governor for consultation. When he gets them into his presence he will, no doubt, soon reduce them to submission if not to reason.

Lynford.—I wish I could think so; but the character of the leaders in that body gives

but little promise of such a result. One of them is Vernon; and this whole continent contains few cooler, subtler, busier intellects. No cloud of adversity, however dark; no mountain of difficulty, however huge, can obstruct his clear gaze into the future. So absolute is his honesty, that although I can not say the Tempter never dared even to approach him, I will venture to affirm that whenever he did, he received a rebuff that sent him away howling. For his courage, it is about as likely to yield to any storm that may assail it, as one of the thousand-year oaks of our forests. Wholly without reverence for governor, or proprietary or king, he yet bows humbly before what he calls the majesty of the people. As regards the mother country, he talks like a rebel; as to forms of government, he avows himself a republican.

Rumford.—Whatever else may be said of your portraits, Lynford, they are, at least, not painted in water colors; nothing short, it seems, of crimson and vermillion will serve your purpose. But let us have a glance at some more of these heroes.

Lynford.—Well, as Vernon represents the republican element, so Callender shall stand for Quakerism. It impregnates his inmost marrow; it is stamped upon his outward form; it is illustrated by his daily conduct. With him the inward light is a more trusted guide, than all the outward senses; and the faintest whisper of the still small voice is of more authority than the most imperious commands of earthly potentates. Forms and ceremonies he spurns as degrading vanities; and adheres to his broad-brim and his shad-belly amid changing fashions, as complacently as nature does to her eternal wardrobe. Taught from earliest childhood to control his passions, whatever fires may rage within his bosom it is a volcano that knows no eruption. Deliberate in his speech, truth flows from his lips serene and unalloyed as the waters of a mountain spring. Acknowledging man as man, whatever his condition, he addresses king and beggar in the same plain language, which contains many words of reproof, but none of flattery. Rejecting all force even in self-de-

fence, he is ever ready to assert his smallest right in the face of persecution; and never denies his faith, nor hesitates to obey God rather than man.

Rumford.—Almost thou persuadest me to be a Quaker, Lynford; but then your excellent wine pleads as strongly against it. If ever the time comes when good liquor runs short or is prohibited among men, I shall take the matter into serious consideration. By the bye, is it not odd that our moral and religious teachers have never thought of attacking old Beelzebub in this quarter, and thus spiking his heaviest guns,—guns which have battered breaches in many a citadel of virtue otherwise impregnable. Do they not know that a bottle of wine is more than a match for an ordinary sermon? and that a quarter cask of brandy will at any time drown out a moral treatise in octavo. Here's to the spread of Quakerism, then, and of Temperance; if, indeed, they are not one and the same thing. [*Drinks.*]

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SECTION III.

At the Court-house in Philadelphia.—Present, the Lieut.-Governor and his Council.

1*st. Council-man.*—What comforting news have you for us this morning, Mr. Secretary; or what new calamities have been reported since our last meeting?

Secretary.—I have nothing, sir, but another long message from the assembly, in which they re-argue all the questions in dispute, and insist upon their former claims more decidedly than ever. If it is the pleasure of the council I will read it.

Lieut.-Governor.—Not now; not now. We have had enough of these windy messages. The obstinacy and impudence of these men will know no bounds so long as they are allowed to proceed at their leisure, and apart. I am resolved to try a new method. Go to the House, Mr. Secretary, and inform the assem-

bly, that we require their immediate attendance here in the council chamber. [*Exit Secretary.*] In our presence they will find it necessary to speak briefly and to the point; and shame itself will compel them to give up what they cannot defend.

1*st. Council-man.*—I hope it may prove so; but I fear your Honor will find, that their tongues are as oily as their pens are nimble; and that they are quite as fond of making long speeches as of writing voluminous messages.

Lieut.-Governor.—Never fear; leave that to me. I shall know how to manage them. Have but a little patience, and you will soon see these long disputes brought to a summary conclusion. [*A pause.*]

[*Enter the Speaker of the House followed by the members.*]

Mr. Speaker, and gentlemen of the assembly, I have sent for you that we may confer together amicably, and arrive at a speedy settlement of our differences. Let us finish the argument, if anything remains to be

said; and form our conclusions; and proceed immediately to action. To indulge in many words in an emergency like this is worse than folly; it is wickedness. Already a large part of the province is laid waste, and the danger now approaches our own doors. Information has just reached us, that several thousand citizens in the County of Chester, and a large number in Berks, are mustering under arms, with the intention of marching here to compel the government to come to an agreement, and provide forthwith for the public defence. Much as so irregular a proceeding must be deplored, we hardly dare blame it. For my own part, I have gone to the full extent of my powers—and even beyond them in my efforts to effect an accommodation. It remains for you to say what is to be done; and I hope you will find it agreeable to answer voluntarily now, rather than wait until you are compelled to answer at the point of the bayonet.

Vernon.—The assembly have promptly obeyed—the governor's summons, in the

full expectation that he was about to withdraw the unreasonable pretensions which have so long annulled all our efforts to serve the public. The assembly, I am sure, agree most cordially in the sentiment, that all words that interfere with prompt action, at a time like this, are criminal; but we are not conscious that any such have heretofore been utterd on our part. As to the armed assemblies of Chester and Berks, we have heard of them, but felt no apprehension on that account. Holding our offices directly from the people, it has always been our highest ambition to represent their opinions and wishes truly; and we shall gladly embrace the opportunity, should they visit us in a body on this occesion, to account to them for our stewardship. If they come with bayonets in their hands, that circumstance will neither hasten nor change our answer.

Lieut.-Governor.—Do you imagine, gentlemen of the assembly, that frivolous questions of form and precedent will be received as an excuse for not supplying means of defence, by

by men who are in hourly danger of being massacred through your neglect?

Vernon.—The assembly are very sure that they have made every concession at all consistent with the rights of the freemen they represent; and they have reason to believe that even those who are suffering most do not wish them to go farther. On the contrary, the sentiment is freely expressed throughout the province, that whoever should consent to yield essential liberty for the sake of a little temporary safety, would thereby prove that he deserved neither liberty nor safety. Such being the temper of the people, the assembly, at least, have nothing to fear from their rumored visit.

Lieut.-Governor.—Essential liberty! To enroll the people; to place arms in their hands; to set over them officers of their own choosing;—call you this an invasion of essential liberty? Why the very beasts of the field might teach you the necessity of organization for defence. You may learn its principles from the first herd of goats or flock of geese you meet with.

A tithe of their wisdom would have given us a militia law long ago; and yet the assembly still refuses it.

Callender.—In behalf of the people called Quakers, who compose a majority of the assembly, and are, therefore, responsible for its action, permit me to remind the governor, that our refusal to establish any kind of military organization is but a consistent application of our principles of peace. To act otherwise would be to surrender the policy which has been so successfully pursued in the province from the beginning; and would require either, that we abandon the posts assigned us by the free voice of the people, or violate the most cherished article of our religious faith. This we think would be yielding too much to the commands even of a governor; even of the present governor of this province. Nevertheless, whilst we adhere to our own maxims, we are willing that others who think differently should act according to their own conviction. As captain-general, the governor has, by the royal charter, full authority to

raise men; and the bill now in his hands, granting a large sum "for the use of the king," will enable him to pay the expenses. We make no recommendation of violent measures, and wish for no share in the honor of military expeditions. We shall be happy if we only can keep ourselves free from the guilt of them. But the votes we have passed will prove to the world, that we have no desire to force our principles upon those who are not prepared to receive them.

Lieut.-Governor.—Let us have no more trifling, gentlemen. The bill you refer to, taxes the proprietary estates; and I have told you again and again, that my instructions positively forbid my agreeing to any such law.

Callender.—Let all reasonable men judge between us and the proprietaries in this matter. Deeply interested as they are in the peace of the province; gaining more than any other persons by its prosperity; they yet refuse to bear any share of the burdens which fall so heavy upon us in these times of trouble. This we think must be considered extraordi-

nary conduct, whether they are regarded in the capacity of fathers of their country or that of subjects to their king. Neither can we admit the governor's plea that he is bound by proprietary instructions. Their instructions are secrets to us, and we may waste much time and much of the public money in framing and passing bills which, after all, must, from those instructions, prove abortive. If we can thus do nothing for the relief of our country till we fortunately hit on the only bill the governor is allowed to pass, or till we make such as the governor or proprietaries direct us to make, we see little use of assemblies in this particular, and think we might as well leave it to the governor or proprietaries to make for us what supply laws they please, and save ourselves and the country the expense and trouble. All debates and all reasonings are vain, where proprietary instructions, just or unjust, right or wrong, must inviolably be observed. We have only to find out, if we can, what they are, and then submit and obey.

Lieut.-Governor.—All this can signify nothing. These instructions have been sent me and I consider them binding. The question is, gentleman, whether you are prepared to amend your bill in the manner I have suggested.

Vernon.—It is very true that the assembly have heretofore, in a spirit of liberal concession, agreed occasionally to the amendment of their bills, without reference to the subject-matter. They have not found the practice, however, answer any such useful purpose, as can encourage the continuance of it. We have of late had so many supply bills and of such different kinds rejected on various pretences,—some for not complying with obsolete instructions; some for being inconsistent with the supposed spirit of an act of parliament, which had no relation whatever to this province; some for being, as the governor was pleased to say, "of an extraordinary nature," without informing us wherein that extraordinary nature consisted; and others for disagreeing with new discovered meanings and

forced constructions of a clause in the proprietery commission, that we are now really at a loss to divine what bill can possibly pass. We find, indeed, in this instance, another proof of how little is to be gained by such compliance, and how endless it is to admit any change in such bills; for now the governor proposes to amend his own amendments—adds to his own additions—and alters his own alterations; so that though we should accede to these, we are not sure of being ever the nearer to a conclusion. The assembly are therefore resolved, that they cannot upon this or any future occasion allow any amendment whatever to their many bills, but are resolved henceforth to insist upon the privileges in this kind enjoyed by the commons of England.

Lieut.-Governor.—This is a most monstrous pretension, and overlooks entirely the broad distinction between the constitutions of England and of Pennsylvania. It is, however, in keeping with the general spirit of the assembly; whose chief ambition seems to be to

humble their lawful rulers, the proprietaries, and to obtain complete control over their possessions. Did you but feel, gentlemen, a portion of the anxiety for the public welfare, and sympathy for the public sufferings which weigh upon my spirits, you would postpone these contentions to a more fitting season.

Vernon.—We know of no season, sir, that is fit for surrendering the rights of our constituents. And we think it at least probable, that we, who have been, most of us born on the soil and all of us residents here from our youth; whose families are settled here; whose fortunes are invested here; whose present interests and future hopes are all here: it is at least probable that we feel as much anxiety and sympathy for our fellow-citizens, as the governor does, who is comparatively a stranger among us, whose fortune and connections are elsewhere, and whose intention it no doubt is, to return after a while whence he came, carrying with him such honors and profits as he may have been able to accumulate here.

Lieut.-Governor.—No more of this, gentlemen. It is bad enough to be obliged to read such language in your messages. I cannot suffer it to be spoken in my presence. Go back to your house and meditate on the condition of your bleeding country; for so, perhaps, the dying embers of humanity may yet be revived in your bosoms.

Vernon.—We are as ready to withdraw, as we were to come; but it is proper the governor should first be informed that the assembly have resolved to lay an account of these proceedings before his Majesty; and that unless this just and equitable bill receives his signature they will be under the necessity of making an immediate application and complaint against him to the sovereign.

[*Exeunt the speaker, followed by the Assembly.*]

Lieut.-Governor.—Well, it is something at least to know the worst. These men, I have no doubt, will stand their ground, in spite of all we can do; for when were a set of fanatics ever yet reduced to reason by argument, persuasion, authority, or any thing short of

actual scourging. It is fortunate for them that the rod has not been put into my hand. But, gentlemen of the council, what is to be done now. My instructions are peremptory against agreeing to any taxation of the propriety estates. To yield the point therefore would, it seems to me, be a betrayal of personal confidence, and would also subject me to personal responsibility in a ruinous amount.

Several Council-men.—We can see no way of escaping such a conclusion; nor how the point can be yielded with honor or safety.

Lieut.-Governor.—This comes of the Utopian dreams of William Penn. Clothed with ample powers, he might have governed his province as a feudal chief, and levied such contributions as he pleased. But he preferred the people before himself and his family, and seemed anxious to divest himself and his successors of every power which he supposed might safely be entrusted to a popular assembly. As might have been expected, this assembly has striven ever since to grasp also the few privileges that were

retained. So great has been their success, indeed, that they seem now almost ready to grapple with the power of the monarch himself. Some of us may live to see the day when they will even dare to raise the standard of independence.

A Council-man.—Such thoughts are now freely entertained, and even expressed; and what is remarkable, it is claimed that they are a necessary result of the principles taught by William Penn himself. They profess to believe, that if he is now conscious of what is passing in his beloved province, it must give him unmingled satisfaction to witness the spread of that principle of equality which is likely to deprive his descendants of all their privileges, and of that spirit of independence which threatens to reject the rule of all earthly kings. Such are the wild notions that now infect many who are looked upon as leaders of the people. [*Exeunt.*]

SECTION IV.

At the Moravian Mission.—Tangorua on the portico of the Mission House.--A band of Indians in war costume in the foreground. Enter Zangenberg.

Zangenberg.—You are welcome, Tangorua. I have long been anxiously expecting you. But what mean these strange trappings? This head-dress of eagle's plumes—this robe with heathenish pictures—these horrid scalp-lock fringes? It is not thus that you have been accustomed to appear among us. And those, your companions, reclining on yonder hillside, half naked, streaked with paint, and smeared with charcoal, till they are fearful to look on—with bows, and shields, and tomahawks! It is not thus that Indians come to receive instruction from their Christian teachers, and to join in prayer to the Prince of Peace. Such preparations are fit for those who serve the powers of hell, not of heaven.

Tangorua.—Tangorua appears in the dress which becomes a war-chief when leading his young men to battle; for he who enjoys the honor of command should make himself the most conspicuous mark for the enemy. Such, at least, is the red-man's law of honor. But listen! I have come to tell you that the wise men of many nations have met in council, and have appointed Tangorua to lead in the war-path. These are my warriors. They have all smoked the red pipe, and danced the war dance, and sworn fidelity to the cause, by striking the reddened post with their hands.

Zangenberg.—I am sorry to see you, even for a moment, return to the practice of these heathen rites; and sorrier still to see that you have already forgotten your vows of peace. Yet war, though always an evil, may sometimes be a necessary one. If any tribe or people have broken their plighted faith, invaded your territory, disturbed your peace, or threatened your safety—in such a case, even the dreadful alternative of war may become justifiable. But if our teachings

have not been altogether in vain, you will make war the instrument of peace, and take care that not one arrow is shot unnecessarily.

Tangorua.—There is a people who have done us all the wrongs you have mentioned, and a thousand more. They have invaded our country, driven us from our homes, overreached us by their cunning arts, poisoned us with their gifts, impoverished us by their traffic, and still threaten us with total banishment, or entire destruction if we remain.

Zangenberg.—Against such an enemy, war is not only allowed, but commanded, both by nature and religion. But who are these pernicious children of the Evil One?

Tangorua.—The English, the French, the white man—the people who come from beyond the sea. They have robbed us of our inheritance, and as robbers we will treat them—drive them out or exterminate them, from the graybeard to the suckling babe—all but my Christian father and his daughter. But come, make haste; let me convey you to a place of safety, for arrows and tomahawks

will soon be flying through the air, like flocks of birds.

Zangenberg.—Such thoughts are unworthy of you, my son; they are the proper sentiments of the misanthrope Weerahoochwee. His love so far from embracing all mankind, does not include even the whole Indian race, nor the whole of his own tribe, nor all the members of his own family; it does not extend beyond his own miserable person. Nothing delights him so much as the sound of strife,—but he is careful never to expose himself to danger. Ignorant of the white man's strength, he would send his own people blind-fold to destruction. He builds his plans of materials gathered in fantastic dreams; and his presumption leads him to despise all the experience, knowledge and wisdom of other men. Is not this a true picture of him?

Tangorua.—So true, that one might know it to be his, though you had not named him.

Zangenberg.—Then why does my son listen to such a deceiver. You know better; you

have seen the greatness, the numbers and the power of the white men. You know that the Indian cannot contend with him. If you were to expel every man from this province, many other provinces of English would still remain. If they were all expelled, the French would still be numerous and powerful at the north. And after you had conquered them, there would be the Spaniards covering all the south. But what if they too were driven out; would you be allowed to possess the country in peace? No! thousands upon thousands more would come from beyond the sea, and you would find their power always increasing the more you opposed it. Resistance to the white man is therefore madness. He is here, and here he will remain and multiply. If the red man is wise, he will shape his course accordingly, and not attempt to resist what is inevitable.

Tangorua.—Must we then perish in silence, without striking a single blow for our homes and our lives?

Zangenberg.—You cannot resist the white

man's power, but you may turn his presence into a heavenly blessing. He brings with him all the treasures of wisdom that have been accumulated during thousands of years, in the old world; education, science, art, commerce, and above all a religion which God himself came down to teach his children. All these the strangers bring, and are ready to share with you; and you may thus in a little while learn many great things, which you could not of yourselves find out in a hundred generations, perhaps not to the end of time. Tangorua is wise. Why then does he attempt the impossible? Why does he not seek the good that is within his reach? Do this, my son, and you shall be blessed, and a blessing to your people. Leave Weerahoochwee to fret himself with his evil passions, and to rehearse his crazy visions, in his solitary cave.

Tangorua.—From far and near the warriors have assembled to redress their wrongs. Shall I tell them it is all a mistake? that they have suffered no wrong, and are

threatened with no danger? That what they see and feel themselves, what their wise men tell them, and, what the traditions of their fathers teach, is all a delusion? That the Indians are as great, as numerous, and as happy now as ever? They are not children, that any man should dare thus to talk to them; nor is Tangorua a deceiver, that he should tell them what he knows to be false.

Zangenberg.—That your people have suffered much wrong is unhappily too true. Wicked men are found in every community, and governments cannot always restrain them. But why should you visit their sins upon the innocent? Make your complaint to the governor; you are now in a position to command an attentive hearing. You may obtain redress for past injuries, and new securities for the future. You will thus win the blessed character of a peace-maker—the benefactor of both races—with new titles to enter upon what I have long believed to be your heaven-appointed mission. But if this war goes on, I shall remain here and share the common

fate. If all my hopes are thus to perish by violence, it is fit that my life should end with them. But Miriam! how often have I talked to her of your humanity, your honor, your piety, your pure and disinterested love? Is it possible that she is so soon to see you in the character of a robber and a ruffian?

Tangorua.—Fear not for Miriam. Tangorua's love is not that of a wild beast, which delights in tormenting and destroying its object: it teaches him to honor, to protect, and to obey. By it she will be saved, when all her white sisters perish. It will enable her to make her wish the law of every wigwam, where Tangorua's authority extends. Nor will it cause her to be molested by his presence. She will be to him as a beautiful star which he will watch, and worship from a distance; as unapproachable as it, and as safe from all danger of polluting touch. Such is Tangorua's love. It is a fountain that will flow on while he lives. Neglect and contempt may trouble its waters, but cannot quench them, nor turn them to bitterness.

Zangenberg.—Such love is not likely to go long unreturned. But how do you propose to prosecute your suit? will you come with hands reeking with blood to woo a Christian maiden? Will you bring the scalps of her friends and relatives as a love-gift? The torch of love cannot thus be kindled. But go and stay this dreadful strife; restore peace, and prepare your people to receive the gospel of peace. Then patriotism, duty, gratitude, religion, all these setiments blended into one will assume the form of love, and plead your cause.

Tangorua.—What assurance can I have that peace would bring such results?

Zangenberg.—I can but speak my opinion at present, but hope to give you better assurance soon.

Tangorua.—I go then to conduct my warriors to their camping ground. When I return, I will hear you farther.

[*Exit Tangorua, and the Indians from the foreground. Zangenberg enters the house, and returns in a few minutes with Miriam.*]

Zangenberg.—There have been strangers here, my daughter, and they brought very important news.

Miriam.—Strangers! news! news from our friends from Philadelphia—from the fatherland, perhaps. O, how my heart flutters at the sound! I had almost believed that my thoughts would never more wish to escape from the shades of this wilderness; but I find they are as eager as ever to spread their wings for a flight homewards.

Zangenberg.—I am sorry to disappoint you; but the news is not from our friends; nor is it of a friendly character. It tells of threatened war and bloodshed; of combinations among savage tribes; of extermination of all the race of whites. Tangorua has been here to warn us of the danger, and to escort us to a place of safety.

Miriam.—Which side is he likely to take in such a contest?

Zangenberg.—He seems to be halting between two opinions. Patriotism, tradition, the persuasions of chiefs and counsellors,

ambition, and above all, the wild instincts of his race, attract him to the cause of the conspirators; but all his better feelings, his knowledge, his judgment, his humanity, incline him towards peace and friendship with the whites. Shall he be left to the accidents of these contending influences, or shall he be bound with cords and cables to our cause? Oh, Miriam! thoughts are in my heart which I dare not utter; for on this subject, and on this alone, I have found you disposed to turn a deaf ear to your father's voice.

Miriam.—Speak on, father; I am listening to every word you say.

Zangenberg.—My daughter, if it is true, as I am well assured it is, that this people are descended from the chosen people of old—that they are a remnant of the lost tribes of Israel—then must Jehovah look down with a peculiar interest on this scene; and his approbation or anger will attend your conduct, in no common measure; for in your hands, I verily believe, are the issues of peace or war, the lives of thousands of your fellow crea-

tures, the fortunes of many tribes and nations of red men. Providence will certainly accomplish his own ends at last; but the method and the time may be changed by the rebellion of a single agent. Would that your eyes might be opened to see the glorious prospect that stretches far away before you! Would that your heart might be inclined to enter upon it with hope, and faith, and love, unfeigned!

Miriam.—Alas, that so heavy a burden should fall to the share of one so feeble! What wonder if I have been pressed to the earth by it? My blood was chilled, my brain bewildered; dark and desperate purposes crossed my soul. But all that is passed. I am now calm, resigned and resolute. If I err, my error shall at least be the result of filial love and obedience. Dispose of me, my dear father, as before God you believe to be right. Whatever arrangement you make, I pledge myself to abide by it. Allow me only to give a few hours to the past; I shall then live entirely for the future. Some tears I must shed over hopes that can never be

realized; some idols, whose roots are entwined among my heart-strings, I must tear from my bosom. But fear not; my heart shall be a free and perfect offering—unfettered by reserve, unstained by the remains of any earthly passion.

Zangenberg.—Oh, my daughter, believe me, believe me, there is joy over this scene even among the angels. Retire now, if you wish, to your chamber. May the Holy Spirit guide you in all good purposes, and enable you to walk faithfully and wisely in the high path in which you are called to tread. (*Exeunt.*)

[*Enter Kazuka from behind a screen of grape-vines.*]

Kazuka.—I have heard what was not intended for my ears; but how could I help listening. It may be wrong to gain knowledge in this way, but when one has got it, it cannot be wrong to use it for a good purpose. Who would have believed it? No witness but my own ears could make me do so. I have seen wild and even cruel ceremonies performed by Indian pow wows; but never anything like this,—a father tearing out the

heart of his own daughter and offering it up as a sacrifice. A sacrifice to whom? Can the Great Spirit take pleasure in such a deed? No! it is a sacrifice to the spirit of evil—made through selfishness or fear, and is altogether a deed of wickedness. But what can Kazuka do to prevent it? If she has any wit let her use it now. Well, I will go to Weerahoochwee's cave. It is said he can read the secrets of the heart; tell what is to happen hereafter; and control coming events as he pleases. I will apply to him for help; he may yet save my sister Miriam. But what if I should bring evil on Tangorua! Even to save her I cannot do that. Ah! could I but be changed to a white maiden, or could Tangorua's eyes be made to see me like Miriam, and Miriam like Kazuka, how happy we all should be! And why may not Weerahoochwee do even this? He has done greater things if all they say of him is true. I will go and tell him all. Whatever may happen, I cannot be made more wretched than I am. My heart is full of sorrow already; it can hold no more. [*Exit.*]

SECTION V.

At Weerahoochwee's Cave.—Present, [Weerahoochwee and Tangorua.

Weerahoochwee.—They who were pale by nature, are paler now from fear. Not one of all the swarms who infested these hills and valleys remains; they have all been frightened back to their nests on the banks of the Delaware. Make haste and fall upon them there; beat and burn till not a vestige is left of hive or hornet. Then shall the deer return to his old haunts, and our people to the hunting grounds of their fathers.

Tangorua.—Why was Tangorua appointed War Chief, if the young men can go out and fight when they please? I have mustered my forces; I have laid my plans for the future; but who has unburied the hatchet without my orders?

Weerahoochwee.—So the work is done, what matter how or when, or by whom? So many

the fewer hands there will be for you to strike down; so many the fewer throats you will have the trouble of cutting. Or does Tangorua wish to enjoy the death-pangs of every victim? Will it not satisfy him if all the scalps are brought to him fresh and bleeding?

Tangorua.—If you were talking to a wolf such words might please him; but Tangorua neither does such cruel deeds himself, nor allows them to be done where he commands.

Weerahoochwee.—This lesson you have learned in the schools of the white man. He makes war under the mask of friendship. He speaks softly when his arm is raised to strike. He smiles upon his enemy while stabbing him to the heart. Not so the Indian. He knows well the duties of hospitality and friendship, and in times of peace performs them with sacred care. But when he makes war, he goes out to terrify, to kill, and to conquer. He makes his face streaked with paint, and grim as a panther's: his voice becomes harsher than the scream of a swooping eagle; and when he seizes his prey he tears it with the fury of

a wild-cat. We do not expect the Good Spirit to smile on such doings: war is the business of the Evil One; in his name we carry it on, and in such way as will be likely to please him best.

Tangorua.—I will not speak of generosity towards an enemy, nor of mercy towards him our duty compels us to destroy. Such words would be thrown away upon one who acknowledges himself a follower of the Evil One.

Weerahoochwee.—It is well. To explain such things might be too great a task even for the eloquence and learning of Tangorua. He does well therefore to avoid it. But when will you be ready to raise the war-whoop? Where is the storm gathering that is to blow these intruders into the ocean?

Tangorua.—It is the part of a wise man to keep his own counsel, and of a leader to seize on opportunities as they rise; for the rest I shall listen to no dictator except a sense of duty.

Werahoochwee.—The end you are required to accomplish is the destruction or expulsion

of the whole race of pale-faces; the means are left to your discretion.

Tangorua.—The end I aim at is the good of my people,—whether it require that the red hatchet be unburied, or that the broken chain of friendship be repaired.

Weerahoochwee. — Men sometimes prefer their own good to the public good. Does not Tangorua know that many of his brothers believe that he is at heart more than half a white man? It therefore becomes him, of all men, to prove his fidelity to the cause of his people.

Tangorua.–Does not Weerahoochwee know that many of his brothers believe him to be half mad-man and half impostor? Of all men it becomes him, therefore, to prove his wisdom and honesty.

Weerahoochwee.—Beware! the same hand that raised you so high may pull you down.

Tangorua.—Surrounded by my warriors, and strong in their love and confidence, I have nothing to fear from men who live in caves and converse with shadows; nor will I waste more time in disputing with such a one. [*Exit.*

Weerahoochwee. — So! This young man already wishes to kick down the ladder by which he has climbed to greatness. I have ever found it thus. The heights of glory are seldom reached otherwise than step by step; nor without much toil and care; nor without a helping hand from others: yet the occupants would fain have the world believe it is their native seat, or that they have risen through the air on wings, or dropped down from the clouds above. I would not, therefore, quarrel with Tangorua on this point if I believed him true to the cause; but I see clearly that he has returned to his old dream of friendship and alliance with the white men. And where would all this end? In what does a nation's life consist? In its traditions —its customs—its religion. Shall we then strip off the fashions of our fathers, and put on the garments of our enemies? This were to be doubly conquered. This were to die as freemen, and yet live as slaves; to wear a perpetual yoke of servitude—an unfading badge of infamy. But what has caused him

thus suddenly to turn from his course? The moon no doubt has a reason for its changes, and so has he. Shame to my wits if they do not soon discover it! But who comes here? The very spirit I would wish to conjure up, if I were indeed the magician I profess to be — [*Enter Kazuka.*] My daughter is welcome. She does well to bring her griefs to me. I will receive them, and she shall not carry one of them back with her. Every cloud shall be chased from her brow, and every tear wiped from her eyes.

Kazuka.—All the world knows that Weerahoochwee can control the spirits of the living as well as of the dead; that he can make the eye to see, and the heart to love or hate as he commands.

Weerahoochwee.—If I were not wiser than other men, how could I know your secret now, before you told it? You love Tangorua, but Tangorua loves the white maiden. How then can you help wishing her removed out of the way. You do well to hate her and all her race. Be patient; you shall soon

drink revenge till you are drunk with it. Miriam shall die; our old women shall bind her to the stake; Kazuka shall conduct the tortures.

Kazuka. [*Beginning to weep.*]—No, no! It was a false spirit that told you this. Your words fill me with horror. My Christian teachers have shown me a better way. I have learned to pity and forgive, even the enemy I hate the worst. But my sister Miriam is dearer to me than my own life. I come to ask you to help and to save her. Instead of putting her to the torture, I am ready, if such a price must be paid, to bear it myself for her deliverance.

Weerahoochwee. — Shall I then increase Tangorua's passion? Is she not satisfied? Does he not love her enough?

Kazuka.—It is his love that makes her miserable. Your spells alone can save her from its influence.

Weerahoochwee.—Is not her father with her? Why does not he protect her.

Kazuka.—She might walk safely on the

edge of the precipice, dizzy as it is, but her father's hand is now stretched forth to push her over. He tells her that Tangorua threatens to make war on the white man, and destroy all the race; but if she will become his wife, he will be the white man's friend and protector, and so she has agreed, to sell her heart for the safety of her people.

Weerahoochwee.—How did you come by this knowledge?

Kazuka.—I happened to be near them, but hid from their view by the leaves of a grape-vine when they were talking about it.

Weerahoochwee.—You did well to come to me for help; and on one condition, I promise you shall not be disappointed. Keep all you have seen and heard to yourself. Wait patiently awhile. Tangorua shall not have your sister Mirirm, nor want her long. He will soon love no one better than Kazuka.

Kazuka.—My sister is saved and I am satisfied. I will not complain, whatever else may happen. [*Exit.*]

Weerahoochwee. [*Alone.*]—This surpasses my

worst fears. Tangorua a traitor! And for what? If he were driven by furious anger I could understand it; if revenge blinded and maddened him, it would only be what has happened to many an Indian before; if ambition tempted him with promises of power and greatness, I could share the feeling, and almost pardon him. But to betray his people for a woman's love; to yield up the greatest project ever formed for the sake of one poor, pale-faced girl, when he might buy dark-eyed maidens enough to fill his wigwam—the daughters of great chiefs—for a few bundles of skins, this is what no other red-man ever thought of; this is one of the great things he learned in the white-man's school. He denies my power, and despises my threats. This is another fruit of his learning. But the Indian whose only school has been the forest, is not thus wise above his fathers. He believes that the spirits of the air are subject to my control; that they are ready at my command to unstring the bow, already bent; to turn aside the arrow in its flight; to change

a band of daring warriors into a herd of frightened deer. Even so it is; for what matters it whether a man's power rests on his own strength, or on the weakness of those he governs? The result is all the same; and this Tangorua soon shall learn. Since he is determined to measure his power with mine, the world shall soon see whose thunderbolts are the strongest. He has made the white-man's cause his own; let him then share the white-man's fate! . . . . [*Exit.*]

PART FOURTH.

SECTION I.

At Philadelphia. A street corner. Present, a crowd of citizens.

1*st Citizen.*—What news? Is there any new news this morning? or does the world still stand where it did last evening?

2*d Citizen.*—The Indians, it is said, killing and burning all before them, are fast approaching the city.

3*d Citizen.*—No, not the Indians, but a mob of white men, are coming here with arms in their hands.

1*st Citizen.*—Yes, it is the white men of the frontier that are coming; but what are they coming for? There are many stories afloat; men's opinions seem to be governed not by information, but by their own hopes or fears.

3*d Citizen.*—They are coming, I am told, to plunder the city, as a compensation for the losses they have suffered by the Indians.

4*th Citizen.*—My informant assures me that their object is, to put their families in a place of safety, while they concentrate their forces to fight the common enemy.

5*th Citizen.*—It is the work of demagogues, who desire to overturn the government, and rule the province themselves.

6*th Citizen.*—You are all mistaken. I have my information from a sure source. They are coming to compel the governor and assembly to agree at once upon some active measures of defence.

1*st Citizen.*—If that is their object, they will find many friends here to join them.

Several voices.—We will help them to toss the wranglers all together into the Delaware.

1*st Citizen.*—That will be the way to bring them to an agreement. They will soon pass a bill then for their own deliverance, though they cannot agree upon one now, to save the people.

2*d Citizen.*—Shame on the assembly, for not voting the necessary supplies!

3*d Citizen.*—Shame on the governor, for not signing the bills that have been passed!

4*th Citizen.*—Shame on the proprietaries, for tying the governor's hands with impracticable instructions!

1*st Citizen.*—Why does not the king provide for the defence of his loyal subjects?

2*d Citizen.*—All this comes from being governed by rulers who live thousands of miles away.

1*st Citizen.*—It will never be well with us until we take the government into our own hands.

Several voices.—Treason! treason! treason!

1*st Citizen.*—We owe no allegiance to rulers who cannot protect us from massacre.

Several voices.—Go ring the bells! Assemble the people! Call them to arms! We will make common cause with our brethren from the frontier.

1*st Citizen.*—Peace! Stay a moment! Here

comes Lynford; he can give us the news if there be any stirring.

[*Enter Lynford.*]

Lynford.—What is the meaning of this? How comes this great herd to be assembled at so early an hour? They are disturbing the peace of the city, too, with their bleatings. Have their instincts forewarned them that wolves are in the neighborhood? or do they snuff a coming storm, in the atmosphere? Such gifts of prescience are common, it is said, among the brute creation.

1*st Citizen.*—This fellow is one of the governor's creatures. Mark his insolence!

2*nd Citizen.*—Down with the governor and all his followers!

3*d Citizen.*—Silence! Let us hear what they have to say for themselves. Out of their own mouths shall they be condemned.

Lynford. — You have my thanks, good friends, for this willingness to hear me. Liberty of speech is a noble privilege at all times,—even when a man has nothing to say but to pass sentence on himself. But the

same frankness which leads you now to listen to me will also lead you to a just construction of what I have to say. That you are anxious respecting the state of public affairs, proves only your foresight; that you are excited by the reports that are in circulation, proves only your sensibility; that you are angry with those who have neglected to provide for the defence of the province, proves only your spirit. You do well to indulge these passions; but take care that your vengeance falls upon the heads of the guilty alone. You charge the governor with neglecting your interests: but how could he defend you without troops? How could he muster troops without arms? How could he purchase arms without money? How could he obtain money without an appropriation? Well, then, you all know that he urged the assembly to organise a militia, and they answered with a long discourse upon the unlawfulness of war. You know that he called on them to arm the volunteers, and they talked about conscientious scruples against bearing arms. You know that he

applied to them for means to enable him to provide for the public safety, and they imposed conditions upon their appropriations, which they knew must prevent his accepting them. Judge for yourselves then to whose misconduct your present danger is owing! The assembly will neither fight nor permit others to fight. Let them make haste to get themselves to a place of safety! Let them huddle themselves together in the rear of the governor! So far as one stout heart can protect them they will then be safe. If the enemy ever enter the city they will have to pass over his body, and the bodies of his little band of followers.

1*st Citizen.*—To my mind there is much reason in what he says.

2*d Citizen.*—It is clear that the assembly are to blame for all our troubles.

3*d Citizen.*—Let us pay them a visit, and tell them a piece of our minds.

Lynford.—My friends, I like your spirit well, and would gladly see you put the assembly through their exercises, in your present

mood. If you were to march them round the city, clothed in sheep-skins, armed with pop-guns, to the music of a nursery song, it might help them to see themselves as the world sees them. But don't be in a hurry; I have good news for you; and perhaps, when you have heard it, you will think the ceremony may be dispensed with for the present.

1*st Citizen.*—Give us the news at once; that's what we have been wating for all this time.

2*d Citizen.*—The news! the news!—we will be trifled with no longer.

3*d Citizen.*—Let's have it, quick! If you give us any more of your jabber, I'll tear the tongue out of you.

Lynford.—And what would you expect to gain by that, my most merciful friend? If you had my tongue in your hand, you could not squeeze a word out of it. You must not judge it by your own; it is not used to bawling in mere echo to others, but speaks only by permission of the brain that governs it. Forbear your bloody purpose, then, and you

shall have the news as a free gift. Yesterday the disputes between the assembly and the governor had reached their climax. The disagreement was hopeless. Both were immovably grounded: the one from obstinacy, the other from want of power. There seemed to be nothing left for the people but to go out against the enemy as an unorganized rabble, or to prepare themselves to die at home with decency. But towards evening, as you all know, a ship arrived from England (4). Among the despatches she brought, was one from the proprietaries to their financial agents, directing them to hand over to the governor a large sum, on their private account, to be used, if needed, in defence of the province. Contrast this conduct with that of the assembly. The proprietaries hasten to your assistance at the first rumor of your danger; the assembly still refuse to help you, when you already hear the arrows and tomahawks whizzing through the air.

A Voice.—If this does not shame them into compliance, we must take measures to quicken

their action. What pretence, what quibble, what subterfuge, can they put forward now to excuse their conduct?

Lynford.—The old Hunkses, who rule the assembly, are a queer set of fellows. Professing non-resistance, they are the most obstinate race of animals on earth; teaching forgiveness of injuries, they are as tenacious of the smallest privilege as a courtier is of precedence; preaching obedience to the powers that be, they elevate the authority of their own consciences above all earthly powers. It must be admitted, too, that they have shown a singular degree of skill, vigilance and dignity in the performance of their parts. Last night, for instance, being in session at a late hour, and hearing of the proprietary donation, they instantly amended their money bill, striking out the clause which the governor objected to—that which taxed the proprietary estate — *in consideration of said donation.* Thus, you perceive, they most dexterously responded to this act of generosity, in kind,

and yet preserved untouched the principle for which they have been all along contending.

[*Laughter and cheers from the crowd.*]

1*st Citizen.*—Well done for the Broadbrims!

2*d Citizen.*—They take good care of our liberties; and we value liberty more than life.

Several Voices.—Huzza for the Assembly! Three cheers for the Assembly.

[*Amid cheers and laughter the crowd disperse.*]

Lynford.—There go Vernon's dear friends, whom he hopes one day to call the sovereign people! Sovereign weather-cocks! They turn, and turn, as readily as if they were balanced on pivots. Aye, but it is curious how, like the magnetic needle, they always stop in their fluctuations where they begin. The ruling passion always turns their faces towards the same goal at last; and that gaol is—INDEPENDENCE. [*Exit.*]

SECTION II.

At same place.—The Council Chamber.—Present, the Governor and his Council. — Callender and other Quakers, members of the Assembly.

Lieut.-Governor.—It must be borne in mind, that the Society of Friends is responsible for the action of the assembly, since the majority of its members belong to that sect. How long do you expect then, gentlemen, to continue this contest? Are you not sensible that your course is well nigh run? Do you not perceive that both the submission of the people and the forbearance of his majesty are completely exhausted?

Callender.—For the manner in which we have acquitted ourselves of the high trust reposed in us, we are not ashamed to appeal to the records of this province from the beginning. As to the people, suffice it to say, that we have always held, and still hold, our seats by their free suffrage. As to the king, we

have yet to learn that he has ever complained of our loyalty; and we confidently affirm that for promptness and liberality in contributing to his service, this province may safely challenge comparison with any other province, royal or proprietary, within his dominions. Of the liberality of our last appropriation, the governor need not be reminded, for the ink is hardly yet dry upon it.

Lieut.-Governor.—I shall not contend with you upon that subject now—though much might be said about reluctance and delay, and unwarrantable conditions. But what avails the mere appropriation of money? As well attempt to feed a starving multitude on gold, as to defend them from danger by a mere vote of supplies. Money alone cannot create an army; there must be organization and discipline; and these can have no existence without martial law.

Callender.—Our principles on this subject are well known to all the world, and our confidence in them remains unshaken. Owing to a difference of opinion among the people of

this province, and that we might avoid the imputation of churlishness or meanness, we have indeed at all times shown our readiness to contribute of our substance *to the use of the King;* leaving the application of such contributions to his discretion. But for ourselves, we have ever relied for our safety on the principles referred to. To pass such laws as you desire, would be to acknowledge the necessity and lawfulness of war, and to gainsay the testimony which our people have uniformly borne from the beginning. We apprehend the governor is too well acquainted with our tempers, to expect any such defection from our principles, on this or any other emergency.

Lieut.-Governor.—I well know the folly of reasoning with men who elevate sentiment above judgment; otherwise, I might be inclined to combat this infatuated prejudice against war, by reminding you that no age or people has ever been free from it; that the great events in history which most stir our blood and fire our emulation, are its

fruits; that by it, more than by all other agencies, energy is awakened, genius inspired, and heroes nursed; in short, that without it, civilization would long ago have become a stagnant pool; whereas, the tempest of war is ever driving it in fertilizing streams throughout the earth.

Callender.—The governor may rest assured that none of these things have escaped our observation. But whilst we know and deplore the actual condition of the world, we know not what might have been its present condition under the reign of peace. We are apt to think, however, that most of the evils that afflict humanity may be traced, directly or indirectly, to war as their common source. Neither do we consider those events necessarily to have been blessings, which most impress the imaginations of men, seeing that earthquakes, famines, and pestilences, have a like effect. Nor yet can we worship the heroes of the world as benefactors; inasmuch as their power proves the weakness of all around them, and their greatness implies the

inferiority of all others; whilst, for the most part, they stand in their glory like those old pyramids of the Nile—monuments at once of pride and of oppression.

Lieut.-Governor.—It is to me a thing incomprehensible, that gentlemen of substance and respectability, like the majority of the assembly, should neglect the means necessary to secure themselves in their position. In its present unguarded state, the turbulent populace will encroach upon it, as certainly as the heaving waves do upon a sandy shore. The same course of policy that would give increased wealth and power to the proprietaries, would secure your own precedence, and that of your descendants.

Callender.—So widely different are our views on this subject, that I almost despair of conveying to the governor a distinct idea of our position. It is well known to thee, however, that we are not accustomed to pay homage to man, whatever his position or character; and thou must therefore perceive the propriety of our not claiming it from

others. That our brother has been less for tunate than ourselves, we can understand may impose on us the duty of helping him; of trying to lift him up, redress his wrongs, enlighten his ignorance, and reform his vices; but we see not how it can give us any right to oppress him, or use him for our convenience. Wherever we find a living soul, we recognise a dwelling place of the Divinity, and the capability, under happier circumstances, of all that man can do or be. To assume authority over him, because we are stronger than he, would be to take advantage of the wrongs he has already suffered, and perpetuate instead of repairing them. Dominion was given us over every beast of the field, but not over our fellow man, nor could we exercise such without usurpation. Thou wilt perceive, therefore, that we could have no object in pursuing the course which thou recommendest for the establishment of our authority, since we have no such ends to accomplish.

Lieut.-Governor.—And yet I understand

not how you can reconcile this hatred of oppression with an unwillingness to defend yourselves, or those who are under your protection from being oppressed by others.

Callender.—If our principles have any foundation in truth, consistency requires that we entrust our defence to another; for as there is an Almighty power which superintends the government of the world, principles of religion agreeable to His will, and purity of heart, (even as the world is at present circumstanced) may hope for His protection; for He can turn the hearts of men as He pleases, and for the sake of ten righteous persons would have spared even the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Besides we are well assured, that where his protection is wanting all our efforts would be fruitless; for except the Lord keep the city the watchmen waketh but in vain.

Lieut.-Governor.—If I were to admit the soundness of your principles, I would yet be obliged to charge you with gross inconsistency of conduct. Have you not your-

selves in the capacity of jurymen, and judges, and civil magistrates condemned offenders against the laws to the loss of liberty and even life? But why do you punish the small offender against your property or your domestic peace? Is it that you may surrender all to the first foreign enemy that invades your borders? Again you build, plant, sow, and send ships to sea, believing that these are necessary means for accomplishing the ends desired. Wherefore, then since you hold it necessary for the husbandman to toil with diligence, the mariner to steer his ship, and the watchman to be wakeful and vigilant, wherefore do you not also require the soldier to stand firmly at his post? Why should you expect Providence to fight one kind of battle for you more than another?

Callender.—That man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, was the sentence passed on him by his Maker. To subdue and cultivate the earth was a task expressly assigned him; and therefore without the

practice of industry he cannot expect to reap its fruits. But very different, as we apprehend, is the case of strife between man and man,—this being not obedience to the Divine will, but rebellion against it. And hence under the government of an Almighty power, who superintends and disposes the smallest events, they who diligently perform the duties assigned them, and trust their safety to His guardianship, may we think not unreasonably hope for His special favor and protection against those who would drive them from their lawful tasks. What reason would thus teach us to look for, is amply established by experience. The Founder of Christianity employed no weapons for the establishment of his principles, and put none into the hands of his followers. And yet this system, which forbade the use of violence,—requiring even submission to injuries, and trusting all to an invisible protector,—has contended with principalities and powers, and well-nigh conquered the world; and its success has ever been greatest

where the arm of flesh has least been relied on. Who, then, shall say that a community which shall place its absolute trust in these principles, will not be safe even in the midst of the most perverse generation? Our own experience under many adverse circumstances has been eminently encouraging; and our deepest regret now is, that we are about to lose the opportunity of affording on an ampler scale that demonstration which the world so much needs.

Lieut.-Governor.—What am I to understand from all this, gentlemen? What course do you intend taking?

Callender.—We have thought it proper to state distinctly that our principles remain unchanged; that our confidence in them remains unshaken. We believe them to be a better safeguard to any community than walls with towers and battlements, or an army with banners. But a large part of this community think otherwise, and we accord to them the same liberty of opinion which we claim for ourselves. To pass a law for the arming of

all citizens, would be to outrage the consciences of our own people; and to pass a law which should except some and compel others, would obviously expose us to the charge of selfishness and favoritism. Moreover, we dare not count upon the protection which we believe our principles would in themselves secure for the community, when so many of our people live in open disbelief and violation of them. From all these considerations we have arrived at the conclusion, that the only consistent course left to us is to withdraw from the assembly, and leave those who are in favour of a different course, free to adopt such measures as they may suppose the present emergency requires. We have accordingly just filed our resignations with the speaker, and we hope the governor will find our course satisfactory.

Lieut.-Governor.—I am glad to hear you speak thus, even at the eleventh hour; for although you cannot make amends for the past, repentance is always a virtue even when the evil repented of is irreparable.

Callender.—We hope it is understood, that we feel neither remorse nor repentance for the past; but are unwilling to be considered responsible for measures which we cannot control. It is this motive which governs our conduct; it is in this spirit that we take our leave of public life.

[*Exeunt Callender and the other Quakers.*]

Lieut.-Governor.—Let this be written down as a happy day in the annals of this province! The weight that has so long pressed upon her is at last shaken off; the cords that bound her limbs are severed; her worst enemies are conquered—those who have been nourished in her bosom. Prepare writs immediately, Mr. Secretary, for elections to fill these vacancies. The time is at hand, when it will be possible for us, even here, to act the parts of men.

[*Exeunt.*]

SECTION III.

At same place. The Military Head Quarters. Present, Vernon, Callender and Lynford.

Callender.—In the turn things have taken, it is most gratifying to Friends that the volunteers have chosen for their commander, one who does not love war for its own sake. We know thou wilt be careful of the rights of the people, and wilt seize the first occasion to restore peace.

Vernon.—The expectation of Friends will not be disappointed. Between your opinions and mine there is little difference. We have stood shoulder to shoulder in defence of liberty. The only difference is, that when force is employed against us, you protest and suffer, whilst I repel force with force. I shall not dispute the soundness of your principles fairly tried; but in the present state of things a different policy seems to be necessary. Be assured, however, that the ends we aim at are the same, and that I shall be much more

ready to sheathe the sword than I am to draw it.

Callender.—We blame you not for acting according to your convictions. Though we cannot join your standard, our prayers shall be offered up for you.—Remember, remember the duties of humanity.—May victory attend your course, but above all, may the dove of peace soon perch upon your standard.

[*Exit Callender.*]

Vernon. [*To Lynford.*]—How do the preparations for the review progress? What sort of appearance are our soldiers going to make?

Lynford.—There will be no want of numbers—the muster rolls are filled up—all seem eager for the fray. But such looking fellows never were called soldiers before. Such garbs!—such arms!—and then the affected fierceness of their looks. But hark! you may hear the noise of their march. The drummers are beating out of tune; and each man steps in his own time and keeps his own distance.

Vernon.—Never mind, we shall soon bring them to order. But what do they say at the governor's of my election to the command?

Lynford.—Of course they are vexed at it; but they all agree that you are capable and will do your duty. Perhaps, too, if my modesty will allow me to say it, your selection of an aid has done much to improve their opinion of your discretion.

Vernon.—No doubt, no doubt! And the people, certainly, will be much struck with my selection of one whose discretion, forbearance, prudence, and all that are so notorious.

Lynford.—You well know, general, that I make no pretensions to your cast of character—to your high principles—broad-views—far-reaching aims. But you know also that I understand what belongs to the character of a soldier. You, therefore, need fear no violation of etiquette—no breach of discipline—no forgetfulness of the laws of honor on my part.

Vernon.—All this I knew, or I should not

have entrusted you with so confidential a post. But go and see how matters are progressing. Let me know when they will be ready to receive us. [*Exit Lynford.*] There is no better soldier in the province than this. He will do his duty, from that principle of honor, which, among military men, often supplies the want of other principles. He is my personal friend too—he knows my dearest secrets —I may have occasion for his services beyond the military routine. As to these volunteers, courage and zeal will make amends for their absurd appearance. But what will be the end of all this. We shall quell these Indian troubles—and what then? Our forces will be organized and disciplined—accustomed to act together, and acquainted with their strength. If so, these Indian troubles will prove a great blessing in the end. A greater danger threatens us, from another quarter. It is time we were getting ready to meet it. They who have been most anxious to see this arming begin, will perhaps find reason to change their views before they have seen the end of it. [*Exit.*]

SECTION IV.

An Indian Village.—Present, Weerahoochwee and a number of Indian Chiefs.

1*st Chief.*—We have come to listen to the instructions of Weerahoochwee; for he is very wise; wiser than the oldest men among us.

Weerahoochwee.—You have spoken well; there is a higher wisdom than that which comes from age. Experience is a great teacher, and grey hairs are to be venerated always; but which of your old men ever yet saw or conversed with the higher powers, who govern all things. (5) Not one of them! And yet these powers are every where around you. The sky, the air, the earth, the water, the forest, the field, the wigwam, is full of them.

A Chorus of Voices.—Hush-sh-sh!*

* Hush-sh-sh, with the head sunk on the breast, and the hand over the mouth, is the usual expression of mystery or grief among the Indians.—*See Catlin.*

Weerahoochwee.—They look down on you from the stars; they float over you in the clouds; they spring up at your feet in the blades of grass; they hang about you in the leaves of the trees; even now you can hear their rustling voices in all the forest.

A Chorus of Voices.—Hush-sh-sh!

Weerahoochwee.—When the tired hunter stops at a mountain spring to drink they are there; and when he lies down to rest in the cool shade of a rock, they are there also. They are in the blazing sun-beams, and in the hoary frost; in the awful brightness of lightning, and the noise of the thunder and tempest, and in the darkness and silence, still more awful. They were with our fathers from the beginning; they will be with all the generations that come after us; they are here with us at this moment, listening to our words, and observing our actions.

A Chorus of Voices.—Hush-sh-sh.

Weerahoochwee.—Let him who holds converse with these invisible spirits, and knows their secrets, be called wise; and let him who

can propitiate their favor, and command their services, be called great and powerful. Who is there among you whose voice is obeyed by the elements?

1*st Chief.* — None but Weerahoochwee. When the sky had given no rain till the corn was all withered, and the streams were dried up, and the deer could find no pasture, he spoke,—and immediately the clouds gathered, the rain descended, and the earth regained its life and freshness.

Weerahoochwee.—Who is there among you whose charm can lead the game captive, and make them seek your weapons instead of flying from them.

2*d Chief.* — None but Weerahoochwee! Where he has cast his spells the deer and the elk have stood still to receive our arrows; bears and panthers have crouched at our feet, fawning like dogs; and fishes have thronged into our nets, rejoicing to be caught.

Weerahoochwee.—Which of your chiefs or old men can drive out the evil spirits that

torment the sick, or restore strength to the limbs that are palsied?

3d Chief.—Not one among us! But we have all witnessed the great deeds of Weerahoochwee; when pain has vanished away at his touch, and pestilence has been stayed at his command, and warriors have risen up before him, strong as ever, after their souls had commenced the long journey to the land of shades.

Weerahoochwee.—Is not the man who can do such things more than a brave chief, an eloquent orator, or a grey-headed counsellor? Will you not believe in his advice? Will you not trust to his power?

A Chorus of Voices.—Jo-hah! Jo-hah! Jo-hah!*

Weerahoochwee.—Listen attentively then to my words, for I have a great thing to tell you. Let not fear enter your hearts; be

* Jo-hah is a loud shout or cry, consisting of a few notes, pronounced in a very musical manner by all the Indians. It denotes approbation, and corresponds with our "Huzza."—*See Col. Rec. of Pa.*, Vol. IV., p. 701.

strong; be vigilant; look around you; act like men; what you do, do quickly, for the times are dangerous and will not admit of delay; do it effectually, and do it with all possible despatch. Thus it becomes brave warriors to act when dangers threaten and difficulties are to be overcome.

A Chorus of Voices.—Jo-hah! Jo-hah! Jo-hah!

Weerahoochwee.—I was sleeping in my cave at midnight, when the wild roaring of the falls waked me. I listened; the spirits of the waters were singing a song that filled my heart with fear and anguish. I went out and stood on the mountain top. The moon was round and bright, and a single cloud hung over the distant hills. It was of a strange and monstrous shape. I watched its changing colors, and followed it as it moved along the sky; and the song of the water-spirits was confirmed. When morning came I looked upwards to see what messengers the spirits of the air were sending; and I saw hawks and eagles flying swiftly along, high above

the clouds. Again the song of the water-spirits was confirmed. I tried many arts, and wove many spells, and consulted many powers, and the same answer was returned by all. Shall I tell you the meaning of this sound? Will you believe it? Are you prepared to follow its directions?

A Chorus of Voices. — Jo-hah! Jo-hah! Jo-hah!

Weerahoochwee.—Let no man hereafter be sure that the rock on which he stands will not the next moment crumble into dust. Tangorua is a traitor!

1*st Chief.* [*After a long pause*].—Why did not Weerahoochwee know of this before it happened? Can he not look into the future as well as the past?

Weerahoochwee.—Weerahoochwee knows all that is to be known; but the powers of good and the powers of evil are forever struggling for the mastery. The contest goes on in all their dwelling-places, but most of all in the hearts of men. How then could that be known which had not yet been determined.

When Tangorua gave himself up to evil, it was immediately revealed to me. But the author of all this mischief is the white pow-wow—the Christian teacher, the great deceiver of Indians.

1*st Chief.*—Is his power greater than Weerahoochwee's?

Weerahoochwee.—Have I not long baffled his arts and made them harmless? But he has a daughter, whose skill is far greater. She has bound the heart of Weerahoochwee with spells, from which no power of men, nor of spirits can loose him. What shall be done with those who employ such arts for your destruction?

Several Voices.—They shall be burned at the stake.

Weerahoochwee.—What shall be done with him who has surrendered himself to the power of a woman, and betrayed us all to win her favor?

Several Voices.—He shall die! We will put them all to the torture!

Weerahoochwee.—Away, then! Assemble

your warriors! Before the sun sets let me see your prisoners; and to-morrow their torments shall appease the anger of the war-god.

A Chorus of Voices. — Jo-hah! Jo-hah! Jo-hah!

[*Exeunt.*]

SECTION V.

Camp in the Indian Country.—Vernon's Tent.—Present, Vernon and Lynford.

Vernon.—Well, thus far we have come without accident. The tedious part of our work is over. Hereafter, I trust, we shall find employment that will serve to keep our spirits from flagging.

Lynford.—A successful march without doubt; reflecting equal honor upon the perseverance of the troops and the foresight of the general.

Vernon.—Men who have acquitted themselves so well, under circumstances so little interesting, will, I think, not fail us when the exhilaration of battle comes to inspire them.

Lynford.—I hope it may prove so; and that your excellency's expectations will not be disappointed.

Vernon.—A want of precision in their

manœuvres, and of uniformity in their dress, are well supplied, I think, by their knowledge of the woods, and their skill with the rifle; for Indian fighting is more like squirrel hunting, certainly, than like regular warfare in the open field.

Lynford.—Very true! and your excellency does well to rest upon these, since the ordinary elements of military life are, as it were, in a measure wanting.

Vernon.—Come, no more of this, Lynford. It sounds strange to hear you using terms of formality, and echoing another man's opinions. Besides, I am tired of ceremony. Let us lay aside our buckram manners, with our swords and sashes. Let us talk like men, and not like officers. Let the general, the excellency, the aid-de-camp, vanish, and Lynford and Vernon only remain,—two old friends and familiar companions.

Lynford.—You have issued no order since we left head-quarters, sir, that I have been more ready to obey than this. I like it not,

that my tongue should be mounted on stilts any more than my legs.

Vernon.—Well, your tongue being unbridled now may run wild as far and as fast as it pleases. Go on, then; make up for lost time; indulge freely after your long abstinence.

Lynford.—You may well call it an abstinence—a famine—a starvation, even. Why, sir, I have been in danger of suffocation, half-a-dozen times a-day, for want of an opportunity to laugh. And it is hard to tell whether the officers, (always excepting the general) or the soldiers, were most dangerous in this respect; for whilst the former were evidently scared at their own voices in giving commands, the latter were almost sure to turn in an opposite direction from that indicated. I was constantly reminded of the manœuvres of a flock of sheep; for, as with their woolly prototypes, those behind showed a wonderful proclivity to imitate the absurd movements of those in front; and I am afraid you will find in the hour of danger, that they

possess, like them, a great but exclusive confidence in their legs.

Vernon.—Thus far, at least, we cannot complain of the use they have made of their legs, for they have come along cheerfully and quickly.

Lynford.—Several times when deer happened to run by, squads broke incontinently from the ranks, and gave chase; and the popping of rifles at squirrels and other small game might be heard all day long.

Vernon.—And I will venture to say they seldom missed their mark.

Lynford.—They cheerfully obey all commands that they consider reasonable; and to enable them to judge, they always make free to ask the reason why. When difficulties occurred, the mode of dealing with them was determined by the voice of the majority; and if you find one of these mornings, that the same authority has determined in favor of marching eastward, you will find your republicanism put to a new test.

Vernon.—I see you cannot comprehend the idea of a republican soldiery.

Lynford.—No, sir; and never expect to. The soldier has no business with an intellect at all. His fitness for his duties may be measured by the inverse ratio of his humanity; for, says the adage, the worse the man the better the soldier. If he has any will, it must be broken down; if he has any opinions, he must be required to give them up. He has no more need to think for himself than the powder he uses; it is the business of both whenever the match is applied to go off. Such elements joined together into a battalion make up a formidable monster. When set in motion, you can tell before hand precisely what it will do; just as you can anticipate the behavior of any other beast, when you once know the species.

Vernon.—If you limit your description to the mercenary soldier, I will not dispute with you. His best model will perhaps be found in a wild beast, just enough subdued to fear and obey the rod of his keeper. But

you must not apply this to freemen contending for their rights and liberties. They are not to be treated as souless brutes, nor used as unreasoning machines. The cause they fight in is their own; and the devotion arising from this consciousness, compensates a thousand times for the want of servility.—But, Lynford, I am going to entrust you with an important and delicate duty. Zangenberg and his daughter cannot be safe in the midst of these disturbances. It is necessary to get them under our protection before we proceed farther. You will therefore select a suitable corps, in the morning, proceed to the Mission and bring them in. Very likely they will object to coming; they will say there is no danger; will refuse to leave their field of labor. But whilst you treat them with all possible delicacy—obey their directions and gratify their wishes in all else—see that you accomplish your main purpose; in any case, and at all events, bring them with you.

Lynford.—Good! I like to hear words that march straight up to a conclusion. These

are the most martial sounds I have heard during all this famous campaign. The commission suits my taste exactly. I have a natural propensity to act the part of a knight errant. I am confident that I was born to achieve some great adventure. From my boyhood I have sighed for an opportunity to peril my life in the defence or rescue of some distressed damsel. Aye, sir, I am transported back to the days of chivalry. Why not? It is but turning the hands of the clock back some half dozen centuries; imagining this the land of Palestine, our red skined foes the Saracens, and ourselves Louises, Richards, and Baldwins—and behold! all the romance and glory of the Crusades are ours. But here comes one of our scouts; no doubt he brings news of the enemy.

[*Enter a soldier.*]

Soldier.—I come to inform you that the Indians have attacked the Mission and carried off all the whites. By the advice of Weerahoochwee, the powow prophet or magician, they have also seized Tangorua, whom they

suspect of treachery; and it is their purpose, as a friendly Indian informed us, to offer him up together with the old missionary and his daughter, as a sacrifice to the god of war.

Vernon. [*To Lynford.*]—This makes the affair critical. Select your men immediately, and make haste; you may yet be in time to prevent the consummation of their horrid purpose.

Lynford.—All that activity and zeal can do shall be done. Two of them at least I hope to bring with me; as to Tangorua, if I should be too late to save him, why then he cannot be saved, that's all.

Vernon.—Understand me, sir; your orders are imperative, to rescue all if possible—the Indian chief no less than the others.

Lynford.—Your orders shall be obeyed, general, to the letter. [*Exit.*]

Vernon.—Strange complication of events! That the duty of saving this man from the torture, should fall upon me. But never shall my private griefs interfere with the discharge of my public duties. This man may become

the medium of restoring peace and friendship. But all considerations of duty aside, how would it become me to treat him as a rival, and to use my station to overreach him? What would self-respect, what would pride, what would vanity even, say to such a proceeding? [*Exit.*]

SECTION VI.

At same place.—Vernon sitting in his tent.—Enter Lynford.

Lynford. [*Throwing down his sword.*]—Lie there, thou gilded mockery! O for a butcher-knife, a meat-axe, a red-hot poker — any devilish emblem of cruelty—that I might honestly decorate myself according to the character I represent!

Vernon.—Pray, sir, and what character is that?

Lynford. — The character of a soldier, general. My eyes have been most marvellously opened. I now see that the divinity I have so long worshipped, under the names of honor, glory, chivalry, victory, is an unmitigated hypocrite. I have at last seen the genius of war in his native shape—unsophisticated, unadorned—and a monster of hell I have found him.

Vernon.—Will you be good enough to

bring down your discourse to the level of a plain man's understanding?

Lynford.—What mean the gay uniforms, the silken banners, the unruffled plumes of civilized warfare? Why do we polish our weapons, as if their only business was to reflect the sunbeams, and accompany our marches with music, which awakens the spirit of dance and revelry? Why do we surround ourselves with all the appliances of taste, of vanity, and of sentiment? Why seek all that is exhilarating in sight, or sound, or motion? It is that we may deceive ourselves, and disguise the real horrors of our trade. All this pomp and splendor is a gilded lie; we know it, and are content to strut the stage of life, deceivers of ourselves and others. I tell you, I have seen war stripped of its spurious trappings and accompaniments, and it is a revel of furies; a manufactory of woes and torments; a school of instruction for demons; and the sooner the bottomless pit yawns and engulfs the last of its votaries, the better.

Vernon.—What means all this? Have you not been successful? Just as I was starting to your assistance, I learned that the captives were already rescued. Have you not brought them free and safe?

Lynford.—Free and safe they are; and, except Tangorua, unharmed. But with his name are henceforth associated horrors that will haunt my dreams through life. Part I saw; from eye-witnesses I learned the rest; and the tale runs thus: As if in mockery of all our notions of gentleness and mercy, the chief actors in this scene were women. A band of them, armed with fat pine knots, escorted Tangorua to the place of execution, beating and prodding him most barbarously, amid jeers and laughter at every step. Arrived at the accursed spot, a grape-vine was fastened, one end to his neck and the other high up to the limb of a tree, allowing him a course of ten or fifteen yards round. At a given signal, a pile of combustibles at the foot of the tree was fired, and the women lighted their pine torches. Scorched by the

fire, the unhappy victim rushed out to the full length of his grape-vine, to be met there by a score of blazing fires in the hands of his executioners. With the fury of a wild beast, with champing teeth and flaming eye-balls, he now courses round the circle, enacting every part that the highest courage, the most raging fury, and the blackest despair can prompt. Thus is he driven back and forth, again and again, whilst unspeakable pleasure fills the exulting crowd of spectators.

Vernon.—Happily the powers of nature could not long sustain such treatment.

Lynford.—Ay, Tangorua soon sank exhausted; but his fell tormentors were not thus to be baffled of their sport. Cold water was now poured over him; he was rubbed and soothed, and nursed into new life; and when sufficiently restored, compelled to run the same course over. Twice had he been thus restored, and still the infernal rites went on, when we arrived, and dashed into the circle.

Vernon.—And what of the other captives, meanwhile?

Lynford.—The old missionary and his daughter were bound close by, awaiting their turn, no doubt, at the stake. We found them unharmed by external violence, but greatly shocked by the dreadful scene they had been compelled to witness. The instigator of all these mischiefs, Weerahoochwee the prophet was slain in the skirmish that ensued. Placing Tangorua on a litter, we have brought him forward alive, though miserably scorched and mangled. But hark! they are coming; you shall soon see all for yourself.

Vernon.—Let Tangorua be brought in here; and direct the surgeon to come immediately. See also that the others are conducted to the tent prepared for them. [*Exit Lynford.*]

[*Soldiers bring in the litter with Tangorua. Enter surgeon and others following.*]

Gently, my friends; lay him on this softest bed of skins; and let all possible means be used for his restoration.

Surgeon. [*After feeling his pulse and ex-*

amining his wounds.]—There is still life here, but the last embers are almost consumed. We may re-produce a transient flash, but to restore the flame permanently is out of the question; there is no fuel left to support it.

Vernon.—Apply whatever means your skill suggests for his revival. Possibly nature may yet rally, for he was a man of extraordinary vigor.

Surgeon. [*Administering a cordial.*]—See! he opens his eyes and begins to breathe more freely. Whatever you have to say to him, say it quickly, for this little blaze will soon end in darkness.

Vernon.—Tangorua, my brother, be of good cheer! You are here safe among friends. We will dress your wounds and soon restore you to full life, and you shall live in safety and honor among our people.

Tangorua. [*Gazing wild around.*]—I had passed through all the red man could inflict, and bore it as became a great chief. But he is ignorant and clumsy, and knows only to burn, to bruise, and to mangle; the white

man is wise and skilful, and his deepest studies have been employed in devising sharper instruments of torture. He knows how to follow the spirit of life into its most delicate lurking places, and to extract the last thrill of anguish. Make haste then; bring on your screws, and wheels, and vices, and see how a brave warrior can laugh at them. Why do you delay? have I not insulted your chiefs, broken up your councils, conspired to destroy all your race? All but ONE,—and she,—Ay, for her I would have spared all the rest. But come on—make haste—the ghost of my father beckons me to the land of shades. Quick, then, or your delay will rob my death of half its glory.

Vernon.—My poor friend, you mistake alike our characters and our purpose. We have here, indeed, many preparations for healing wounds and for soothing pain, but no implements of torture.

Tangorua.—O, why then did you not leave me in the hands of my own people? An evil spirit had taken possession of me, and it

was necessary to drive him out with fire. Then had the honor of my name been restored on earth, and my spirit made fit to enter the celestial hunting grounds.

Vernon.—Surely you have learned a better lesson than this from your Christian teachers; how one great sacrifice was made for all mankind; and how the Divine Master requires not offerings from his children, but faith and obedience.

Tangorua.—The memory of these things comes over my soul like a dream of paradise; I was told of Him, the Great Spirit who walked the earth in the form of a man; I believed in Him, and vowed to serve Him all my days. But I broke my vow and deserted His cause. How then could He receive me as one of His disciples? Would He not rather frown darkly upon me as a renegade?

Vernon.—Were you not also told, my unhappy friend, that the Great Shepherd is ever seeking His lost sheep, and receives back with joy wanderers from His fold.

Tangorua.—Wanderers! yes I have been

wandering up and down all my days, and have found no rest; for great things have perplexed me. I loved the white man, and would gladly have lived at peace with him; but when I came to believe that his prosperity would cause the destruction of my own people, how could I hesitate between them? I loved the teachings of my Christian fathers; but the faith and traditions of my ancestors, had grown up with me from childhood, and I could not shake them off. I loved HER, too, though of a different race; but I knew that my love would destroy her. So have I seen a cloud driven to and fro by contending winds; beaten into strange shapes, twisted and torn with violence; and at last scattered in fragments through the air. Ah! had I but remained when a youth, in my father's wigwam; or had I been born a white man; had I known but one religious creed from the beginning; had I loved among the daughters of my own people; how calmly then might my spirit have floated down the stream of life, until in the far distance it had vanished,

brightly and gloriously, into the land of shades. But my people, my people will also be bewildered—will lose themselves—will perish in attempting to follow the strange lights that are everywhere gleaming around them. All now is darkness; but visions—a confused procession—are passing before me. Civilization—the wild life of the wilderness—Great Spirit of the red man—God of the white man — Redeemer, Saviour — whither shall I turn? where can my troubled thoughts find— [*Dies.*]

Surgeon.—He is gone! his troubled thoughts are at rest from all the labors, good or evil, of this world.

Vernon.—And his Maker alone shall judge him. A noble spirit, he seemed, led astray by conflicting views of duty; whose worst errors flowed from a virtuous fountain. Had he lived to attain clearer views, and more settled principles, he might have been the luminary of his people, to lead them to a happier destiny. Such another, I fear, is not left behind him.

[*Another part of the encampment. A tent opens, disclosing within Zangenberg, reclining on a bed, Miriam, and others.*]

Zangenberg.—Happy he who is permitted to leave the stage of life when his part is finished! and thus mercifully is the great Disposer about to deal with me. But O, my child! my heart is very heavy for thee. How can I leave thee without a protector in this wilderness, which the cruel passions of men have now made more fearful than a den of wild beasts?

Miriam.—Be composed, dear father!—you need rest. A little sleep will chase away these gloomy shadows. And be not troubled on my account; we are in the hands of those who will take good care of us. The commander of these forces is Vernon, your former pupil.

Zangenberg.—The Lord be praised for all his goodness: in wrath he has remembered mercy. The only thorn is removed from my dying pillow, and I shall now depart in peace. The son of my early friend, Vernon, grew up as a goodly plant under my care; and his manhood, I have heard, has fully realized the

rich promise of his youth. With entire confidence I entrust him with the charge of placing you in safety among your friends. But tell me what became of Tangorua. When I last saw him, the dreadful spectacle so blasted and blinded my eyes that they long refused to perform their office. Was he also rescued?—or did he perish among his tormentors?

Miriam.—He was rescued and brought here with us, and is now in a tent close by. But here comes Vernon; he can tell you of his present condition. [*Enter Vernon.*]

Vernon.—I am rejoiced, my friends, that our efforts in your behalf have not been in vain. What can we do to make you more comfortable?

Zangenberg.—Many thanks for your care and kindness, my dear sir, but we have all the comforts our situation admits of. But how is it with Tangorua? Have they ruined him? or is it possible yet to restore him?

Vernon.—Tangorua's sufferings are over; he is gone, let us hope, where the wicked

cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. The soldiers are now digging his grave and preparing to give him a decent burial. But I have come, my friends, to say, that as soon as you have refreshed yourselves, and regained strength enough, an escort will be ready to conduct you eastward.

Zangenberg.—Most gratefully, my young friend and beloved pupil, do I accept your kind offer in behalf of my dear child. To your care I commit her; and may God deal with you according to the kindness you shall show her. But for me, let them dig my grave beside Tangorua's. Here my labors end, and here my bones shall repose. Had the great work still prospered, I might have endured the storms of some winters, and the toils of many seasons yet. But now all my plans are thwarted; the fruit of my labors is utterly destroyed; my hopes have perished; my heart is broken; and I feel that God, in his mercy, is about to permit me to lay down a life which henceforth could only be a grievous and a useless burden.

Vernon.—I pray you, sir, shake off these gloomy thoughts. Peace will soon be restored, and you will then be able to resume, and I trust long to pursue, your labors of love.

Zangenberg.—Nay, I have long been entertained with idle projects and delusive dreams, but all that is passed forever. Too presumptuously, perhaps, have I trusted to my own wisdom in this pursuit; and it may be that I have meditated the use of means which Heaven could not approve. But vain and impotent are man's utmost efforts to disturb the all-pervading government of the Supreme Ruler. What then? Have my labors been wholly useless? God forbid! He who can compel even the wrath of man to praise him, can also, and much rather, overrule for good the well-meant errors of his followers. And whilst he thus accomplishes the ends we aimed at, but knew not how to attain, may we not hope that our integrity of purpose will be allowed to redeem our want of wisdom, and that the reward promised to faithful

servants will not be withheld, all erroneous though our efforts may have been?

Vernon.—At least, sir, the seed you have sown will, without doubt, produce abundant fruits, though you may not live to gather in all the harvest.

Zangenberg.—Ah! would to God I could think so! Long have I struggled against the conviction, but at last I must own that I have found the red man's nature fixed and unchangeable. It were, I fear, almost as easy to mould into new forms the rocks and hills among which he dwells. Meanwhile, changes have begun around him which cannot be stayed. This wilderness will disappear; and cities, gardens, cultivated fields, will rise in its stead; and the hum of civilization will fill the land. Will the red man be able to conform himself to this new order of things? Will he bear transplanting from his native forests?—But I feel that the tide of life is fast ebbing away. Miriam, my daughter, my best beloved, come near, that I may once more bless you, and commit you

finally to your Heavenly Father's holy keeping! And now, my child, let your voice be the last earthly sound that reaches my ear. Sing to me such words as are fit to shape the dying thoughts of a Christian.

Miriam. [*Sings.*]—

* * * * * *

Vernon. — Most fitly does such a death crown a life like his! Wafted on the pinions of sacred song, his spirit has returned to God who gave it.

[*Miriam, perceiving that he is dead, falls upon his neck, weeping.*]

THE END.

NOTES.

(1.)

PART FIRST, SECTION FIRST, PAGE TWENTY.

"Knives, Tomahawks and Jewsharps," &c.

In dealing with the Indians, the character of the goods was of course adapted to the demands of the market. They received such articles as their tastes and habits led them to prefer; and it would have been absurd to have forced on them better things, which they could not appreciate. Yet who can remember, without a feeling of sadness, that it was for considerations like the following

that whole nations sold the homes of their fathers?

Gunpowder,	Tobacco-tongs,
Bed-lace,	Rum,
Assorted Rings	Ruffled Shirts,
Vermillion,	Trimmed Coats,
Morris Bells,	Laced Hats,
Scarlet Garters,	Scissors,
Bar Lead,	Combs,
Guns, Tobacco-pipes, &c.,	Jointed Babies,
Striped Duffield Blankets,	Looking Glasses,

Jewsharps.

The Colonial Records of Pennsylvania contain innumerable accounts of such lists of goods being paid to the Indians for lands, or presented to them as peace-offerings.

(2.)

PART FIRST, SECTION FOURTH, PAGE FORTY-EIGHT.

"I shall go to Lancaster therefore, though most reluctantly," &c.

In the first days of the Province, the Indians were accustomed to come to Philadelphia, when consultations were to be held; but after a time they began to insist under various pretexts, that the white chiefs should go part of the way to meet them. This was sometimes done with great reluctance. Governor Denny, for instance, when urged on one occasion by his Council and the Assembly, to go on such an expedition to Easton, expressed great dissatisfaction at the journey, and "thought it ridiculous to humor the Indians in such a manner, and that no treaty

should be held with them out of the city; however, since it was deemed necessary, he would, though unwillingly, undertake the journey."

Conferences were accordingly held from time to time at Lancaster, Easton, Reading, Harris' Ferry, (now Harrisburg,) &c. The proceedings on these occasions are recorded at length in the Colonial Records, and contain many fine specimens of Indian eloquence. At the treaty held at Lancaster in 1744, by the Governor of Pennsylvania, and Commissioners for the Province of Virginia and Maryland, with the Six Nations, there was much speaking on both sides; and the efforts of the Indians certainly will not suffer by comparison with those of their white brethren in any respect whatever. The reader may not be displeased to see a specimen or two.

The Virginia Commissioners one day

reminded the Indians that the great King held Virginia by right of conquest; and reproved them sharply for their conduct towards the Catawbas. This was replied to on the following day by Gachadaw; who in the course of a speech delivered, as the reporter says, "with a strong voice and proper action," touched on these points as follows:

"Brother Assaraquoa:—

"The world at the first was made on the other side of the great water different from what it is on this side, as may be known from the different color of our skin and of our flesh, and that which you call Justice may not be so amongst us. You have your laws and customs, and so have we. The great King might send you over to conquer the Indians, but it looks to us that God did not approve of it; if he had, he would not

have placed the sea where it is, as the limits between us and you."

"Brother Assaraquoa:

"Though great things are well remembered among us, yet we don't remember that we were ever conquered by the great King, or that we have been employed by that great King to conquer others. If it was so, it is beyond our memory. We do remember we were employed by Maryland to conquer the Conestogos, and that the second time we were at war with them, we carried them all off."

* * * *

"We have confirmed the peace with the Cherokees, but not with the Catawbas. They have been treacherous, and know it, so that the war must continue till one of us is destroyed. This we think proper to tell you, that you may not be troubled at what we do to the Catawbas."

But the great orator of this occasion was the famous Onondago Chief, Cannassatego. His speeches are especially remarkable for clear statement and exact method. His replies take up the various topics of a long speech, with as much formality as a diplomatic despatch. They abound, also, in bold imagery and sagacious reflections. At the close of the treaty, he made a farewell speech, ending with these remarks, on a subject which has, in recent times, exercised the powers of most of our orators, great and small. Perhaps it will be agreed, that none of them have spoken more to the purpose than their red predecessor.

"We have one thing further to say, and that is, we heartily recommend union and a good agreement between you and your brethren. Never disagree; but preserve a strict friendship for one another; and thereby you as well as we will become the stronger.

"Our wise forefathers established union and amity between the Five Nations; this has made us formidable; this has given us great weight and authority with our neighboring nations.

"We are a powerful confederacy; and by your observing the same methods our wise forefathers have taken, you will acquire fresh strength and power; therefore, whatever befals you, never fall out with one another."

In 1752, a dispute arose between the Delawares and the Proprietaries, respecting certain lands in the forks of the Delaware. A large delegation from the Six Nations, with Canassatego at their head, having come to Philadelphia, this matter was taken into consideration. It is well known that the Six Nations claimed absolute dominion over the Delawares, whom they had formerly conquered. All the parties being assembled in council, Canassatego first addressed the

governor, stating that the chiefs of the Six Nations had carefully examined the question, and "perused all the papers," and that they saw with their own eyes that the Delawares were a very unruly people, and were altogether in the wrong.

Then turning to the Delawares present, holding a belt of wampum in his hand, he rebuked them in the following imperious language:—

"Cousins,—

"Let this belt of wampum serve to chastise you; you ought to be taken by the hair of the head and *shaked* severely till you recover your senses and become sober; you don't know what ground you stand on, nor what you are doing. Our brother Onas' case is very just and plain, and his intentions to preserve friendship; on the other hand, your cause is bad, your heart far from being up-

right, and you are maliciously bent to break the chain of friendship with our brother Onas. We have seen with our eyes a deed signed by nine of your ancestors, above fifty years ago, for this very land, and a release, signed not many years since by some of yourselves and chiefs now living, to the number of fifteen or upwards. But how came you to take upon you to sell land at all? We conquered you, we made women of you; you know you are women, and can no more sell land than women. Nor is it fit you should have the power of selling lands, since you would abuse it. This land that you claim is gone through your guts. You have been furnished with clothes, and meat and drink, by the goods paid you for it, and now you want it again, like children, as you are. But what makes you sell land in the dark? Did you ever tell us that you had sold this land? Did we ever receive

any part, even the value of a pipe shank, from you for it? You have told us a blind story, that you sent a messenger to us to inform us of the sale; but he never came among us, nor we never heard any thing about it. This is acting in the dark, and very different from the conduct our Six Nations observe in their sales of land. On such occasions they give public notice and invite all the Indians of their united nations, and give them a share of the present they receive for their lands. This is the behavior of the wise united nations; but we find you are none of our blood. You act a dishonest part not only in this but in other matters. Your ears are ever open to slanderous reports about our brethren.

* * * * * * *

And for all these reasons we charge you to remove instantly. We don't give you the liberty to think about it. You are women;

take the advice of a wise man and remove immediately. You may return to the other side of the Delaware where you came from, but we don't know whether, considering how you have demeaned yourselves, you will be permitted to live there, or whether you have not swallowed that land down your throats as well as the land on this side. We, therefore, assign you two places to go—either to Wyoming or Shamokin. You may go to either of these places and then we shall have you more under our eye, and shall see how you behave. Don't deliberate, but remove away and take this belt of wampum.

"After our just reproof and absolute order to depart from the land, you are now to take notice of what we have further to say to you. This string of wampum serves to forbid you, your children and grand-children, to the latest posterity, from ever meddling in land affairs; neither you, nor any who shall des-

cend from you, are ever hereafter to presume to sell any land; for which purpose you are to preserve this string, in memory of what your uncles have this day given you in charge. We have some other business to transact with our brethren; therefore, depart the Council, and consider what has been said to you."

Does not this remind the reader of Lord Chatham?

But Cannessatego was not only a statesman and an orator, but a humorist as well. The Six Nations were much courted by the French, and hence every means was used to keep them steady to the English interest. In this spirit Governor Thomas, at the Lancaster treaty, before mentioned, informed the Indians, with much ostentation, that the English had just gained two great victories over the French, one on land and one at sea. Cannessatego, after replying to other parts of

the governor's speech, turned this point to account thus:—

"You tell us you beat the French; if so, you must have taken a great deal of rum from them, and can the better spare us some of that liquor, to make us rejoice with you in the victory."

The governor and commissioners thereupon ordered a dram of rum to be given to each in a small glass, calling it a *French glass*. But on the following day, when they were about to separate, Cannessatego said:—"We mentioned to you yesterday the booty you had taken from the French, and asked you for some of the rum which we supposed to be part of it, and you gave us some, but it turned out unfortunately that you gave us it in French glasses; we desire now you will give us some in English glasses."

To which the governor made answer:—"We are glad to hear you have such a dis-

like for what is French. They cheat you in your glasses as well as in every thing else." Then, after remarking that his supply of rum was nearly exhausted, he added:—"But notwithstanding this, we have enough left to fill our English glasses, and will show the difference between the narrowness of the French and the generosity of the English toward you."

The Indians then gave in their order five Jo-hah's, says the Record, and the Honorable governor and commissioners calling for some rum and some middle-sized wine-glasses, drank health to the great King of England and the Six Nations, and put an end to the treaty by three loud huzzas, in which all the company joined.—*See Colonial Records of Pa.*, Vol. IV., p. 698, &c.

(3.)

PART THIRD, SECTION SECOND, PAGE FIFTY-THREE.

"The first hostile incursions," &c.

In December, 1755, the Secretary read before the Council a narrative of the incursions and ravages made by the French and Indians within the Province of Pennsylvania up to that time. After detailing various acts of depredation and murder, he concludes as follows:

"This is a brief account of the progress of these savages since the eighteenth day of October last, *on which day was committed the first inroad ever made by the Indians upon this Province since its first settlement*, and in con-

sequence hereof all our frontier country, which extends from the River Potomac to the River Delaware, not less than one hundred and fifty miles in length, and between twenty and thirty in breadth, but not fully settled, has been entirely deserted, the houses and improvements reduced to ashes, the cattle, horses, grain, goods and effects of the inhabitants either destroyed, burned or carried off by the Indians. Whilst the poor planters, with their wives, children and servants, who could get away, being without arms or any kind of defence, have been obliged, in this severe season of the year, to abandon their habitations naked, and without any support, and throw themselves on the charity of the other inhabitants within the interior parts of the Province, upon whom they are a very heavy burthen.

"Such shocking descriptions are given by those who have escaped, of the horrid

cruelties and indecencies committed by these merciless savages on the bodies of the unhappy wretches who fell into their barbarous hands, without regard to sex or age, as far exceeds those related of the most abandoned pirates, which has occasioned a general consternation, and has struck so great a panic and damp upon the spirits of the people, that hitherto they have not been able to make any considerable resistance or stand against the Indians.

"All our accounts agree in this, that the French, since the defeat of General Braddock, have gained over to their interest the Delawares, Shawanese, and many other Indian nations formerly in our alliance; and on whom, through fear, and their large promises of rewards for scalps, and assurances of reinstating them in the possession of the lands they have sold to the English, they have prevailed to take up arms against us.

and to join heartily with them in the execution of the grand scheme they have been long meditating of obtaining—the possession of all the country between the river Ohio and the river Susquehanna," &c.

The strong assertion of Bancroft, that "not one drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian," will of course be received in a general sense only; unless statements like the following should incline the reader to construe it more literally.

"It appears that the Quakers, who never used weapons of war like other people, but lived in a defenceless state, were marked as it were, for preservation by those very Indians, who were carrying death and destruction among all the other settlers promiscuously, wherever an opportunity was afforded them. Three instances, however, occur in the Journal of Thomas Chalkley, where persons belonging to the Society were

killed; but it is remarkable that in every one of these, they suffered, because, having out of fear abandoned their own great principle. In the case before us, they gave the Indians reason to suppose that, though they appeared to be outwardly, yet they had ceased to be real Quakers. "Among the many hundreds," says Thomas Chalkley, "that were slain, I heard of but three of our Friends being killed, whose destruction was very remarkable, as I was informed. The one was a woman, and the other two were men. The men used to go to their labor without any weapons, and trusted to the Almighty, and depended on his providence to protect them (it being their principle not to use weapons of war to offend others or to defend themselves): but a spirit of distrust taking place, they took weapons of war to defend themselves; and the Indians who had seen them several times without them, let

them alone, saying, they were peaceable men and hurt nobody, therefore, they would not hurt them; but now seeing them have guns, and supposing they designed to kill the Indians, they therefore shot them dead." And so on, respecting the woman, whose case was similar. — *See Clarkson's Life of Penn, p.* 353.

(4.)

PART FOURTH, SECTION FIRST, PAGE EIGHTY NINE.

"A ship arrived from England," &c.

The assemblies and the governors of the province, as it is well known, were constantly at variance. I have endeavored to exhibit the tone and spirit of these disputes, and have not scrupled sometimes to use the very language of the disputants. At no time did the spirit display itself in a more extraordinary manner, than on the occasion here referred to. A large part of the province was already laid desolate, and Philadelphia itself was in imminent danger; and yet, owing

to certain quarrels of long standing, no measure for the public defence could be agreed upon. A donation from the proprietaries being received at this critical moment, the governor immediately communicated the fact to the assembly in an ostentatious message; and the assembly responded in the manner represented in the text.—*See Colonial Records of Pennsylvania*, Vol. VI., page 133.

(5.)

PART FOURTH, SECTION FOURTH, PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE.

"The higher powers who govern all things."

THE great work on the Indian tribes, which has for several years been in progress under the auspices of Congress, bids fair, from its comprehensive plan of investigation, to embody all that is now to be known respecting the red man. No part of this investigation is, perhaps, more interesting than that which relates to his mythology; the characteristics of which are summed up by the editor (Mr. Schoolcraft,) as follows:

They have, in the north, no temples of worship, and live in a wild belief of the ancient

theory of a diurgus or soul of the universe, which inhabits and animates everything. They recognise their Great Spirit in rocks, trees, cataracts, and clouds; in thunder and lightning; in the strongest tempests and the softest zephyrs; and this subtle and transcendental spirit is believed to conceal himself in titular deities from human gaze, as birds and quadrupeds; and in short, he is to be supposed to exist under every possible form in the world, animate and inanimate.

While a Great Spirit thus constitutes the pith of Indian theory, the tribes live in a practical state of polytheism; and they have constructed a mythology in accordance with these sublimated views of matter and spirit, which is remarkable for the variety of its objects. To this they constantly appeal, at every step of their lives. They hear the great diurgic spirit in every wind; they see him in every cloud; they fear him in every

sound; and they adore him in every place that inspires awe. They thus make gods of the elements: they see his image in the sun; they acknowledge his mysterious power in fire; and wherever nature, in the perpetual struggle of matter to restore its equilibrium, assumes power, *there* they are sure to locate a god.

"This is but half their capacity of stout belief. The Indian God of North America exists in a dualistic form; there is a malign and benign type of him; and there is continual strife, in every possible form, between those two antagonistical powers, for the mastery over the mind. They are, in perpetual activity. Legends of subordinate spirits attend both. Nature is replete with them. When the eye fails to recognize them in material form, they are revealed in dreams. Necromancy and witchcraft are two of their ordinary powers. They can, in a twinkling, transform men and

animals. False hopes and fears, which the Indian believes to be true, spring up on every side. His notions of the spirit-world exceed all belief; and the Indian mind is thus made the victim of wild mystery, unending suspicion, and paralyzing fear. Nothing could make him more truly a wild man."—Vol. I., page 15.

"There are two institutions among the North American Indians, which will be found to pervade the whole body of the tribes from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean, however, the terms by which they are denoted differ, or the minor rights of the institutions themselves may be modified. They are called in the language from which we adopt most of the aboriginal terms in this treatise, the medawin and jeesukawin. In other terms, they are the art of medical magic and of prophecy. * * * * There is a third form, or rather a

modification of the medawin. It is the wabeno; a term denoting a kind of midnight orgies, which is regarded as a corruption of the meda. * * * *

"The meda or medawininee, is in all respects a magician. He is distinct from the muskekewininee, or medical practitioner. * * * * * The one is a physician, the other a priest. * * * * Medawin is the art of magic. Its professors are simply and definitely, magii or magicians. Men who profess this art are formed into societies, or associations. They are admitted by a public ceremony, after having been instructed in private, and given evidence of their skill or fitness. * * * Any one may become a follower and practicer of the meda. All that is necessary is to adduce proofs of his skill; but it results that none but those possessed of somewhat more than the ordinary shrewdness, art, or foresight, either assume or attain eminence in this art.

"The art of prophecy, or the jeesukawin, differs from the med'awin in its being practised alone, by distinct and solitary individuals, who at least do not exist, and are never known as societies. Prophets start up at long intervals, and far apart, among the Indian tribes. They profess to be under supernatural power, and to be filled with a divine afflatus. It is, however, an art resembling that of the medawin, and founded on a similar principle of reliance, differing chiefly in the object sought. The meta seeks to propitiate events; the jossakeed aims to predict them. Both appeal to spirits for their power. Both exhibit material substances, as stuffed birds, bones, &c., as objects by or through which the secret energy is to be exercised. The general modes of operation are similar, but vary. The drum is used in both, but the songs and incantations differ. The rattle is confined to the cere-

monies of the meda and the wabeno. The jossakeed addresses himself exclusively to the Great Spirit. His office and his mode of address, are regarded with greater solemnity and awe. His choruses are peculiar, and deemed by the people to carry an air of higher reverence and devotion."—Page 358.

Since writing the above I have met with Longfellow's new poem, the song of Hiawatha. These several orders of Indian Priesthood appear, with their proper distinctions, in the following lines:

"From the memory of the old men,
Fade away the great traditions;
The achievements of the warrior,
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the medas,
All the craft of the wabenos,
All the marvellous dreams and visions
Of the jossakeeds, the prophets."

END OF NOTES.

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